

The Musical World.

THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES.—Goethe.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 20s. PER ANNUM

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, London, W
[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 43—No. 47.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

PRICE {4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S CONCERTS. EVERY EVENING.

TO-NIGHT (Saturday), Nov. 25th,
Vocalists—Miss Laura Harris, Mdlle. Sileco, Mdlle. Edl, and Mdlle. Sarolta; Signor
Stagno, Signor Foli, and Mr. Santley.
Violin—Mdlle. Emilia Arditi.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, November 28th, will be performed, for the first time, a new
Grand Selection from WAGNER'S Opera,

"TANNHAUSER."

Arranged expressly for the concerts by Signor ARDITI.

Promenade, 1s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Dress Circle, 4s.; Private Boxes from 10s. 6d.
Notice.—The Upper Box and Dress Circle seats are numbered and reserved, and may
be secured, without extra charge, at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open
daily from Ten till Six.

The Grand Bal d'Opera will take place on Tuesday, the 19th day of December.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MDLLE. LAURA
HARRIS will make her First Appearance THIS (Saturday) EVENING at
Signor ARDITI'S Concerts.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will SING every evening, at
JULLIEN'S Popular Concerts, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, BIRMINGHAM,
commencing Monday, November 27th.—All communications to be addressed to her
residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood, or, from 27th Nov. until the 15th
December, to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will SING the "LIEBHART
POLKA," which met with such great success at Mellon's Concerts (composed
expressly for her by Prof. MULDER), every evening, at JULLIEN'S Popular Concerts,
at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MADLLE. LIEBHART will Sing Proch's admired
Lied, "At Morning's Break"—MONGENFESTERN, (composed expressly for
her) at JULLIEN'S Concerts, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, every
evening.

MADAME EMMA HEYWOOD, of the Royal English
Opera, Covent Garden, is at liberty to accept engagements for Concerts or
Oratorios.—Address, 7, Oval Road, Regent's Park, N.W.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will Sing BENEDICT'S
"Rock me to Sleep" at the Windsor Choral Society's Concert, Dec. 8th.
7, Sutherland Place, Bayswater.

MUSICAL PRESENTS.—ROBERT COCKS & CO'S
LIST OF MUSICAL PRESENTS (400 bound volumes) may be had gratis
and post free.—London: New Burlington Street.

NEW SONG. "WARBLINGS AT EVE." Poetry by
H. FARNIE. Music by the Composer of "God bless the Prince of Wales." 3s.
Free for 19 stamps.

ROBERT COCKS and CO'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.
The COLDSTREAM GUARDS' WALTZ, for Piano, 4s. By A. F. GODFREY.
The GUARDS' GALOP, for Piano, 2s. 6d. By HENRY PRINCE.
The ASSEMBLEE GALOP, for Piano, 3s. By D. GODFREY.
UNITED SERVICE QUADRILLE, Piano Solo, ditto Duets, each 4s.; ditto
Orchestra, 3s. By A. F. GODFREY.
UNITED SERVICE GALOP, for Piano, 3s. By A. F. GODFREY.
UNITED SERVICE WALTZ, for Piano, Solo and Duet, each 4s. A. F. GODFREY.
All at half-price, with an extra stamp to each for postage.

SHYLIE BAWN. Sung with Splendid Success by
Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. Music by W. T. WRIGHTON. 2s. 6d., free for
16 stamps.

"His latest composition, 'Shylie Bawn,' is equal to any of his former."—Press.
London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street, W., and all Musicians.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY

CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—The enlarged Concert-
Room is now completely enclosed, and free from cold or draught.—Mdlle. Sarolta,
Mr. Santley; Solo Pianoforte, Mr. E. Silas. Conductor—Mr. Manns.

Programme includes Beethoven's Symphony, No. 7, in A major; Weber's Invita-
tion a la Valse; R. Schumann's Overture to Schiller's "Braut von Messina." Airs
from Don Giovanni, Mdlle. Sarolta and Mr. Santley; and Fantasia for Pianoforte and
Orchestra on a Scotch Air—Mr. E. Silas.

Admission Half-a-Crown, or free by new system Guinea Season Ticket.
Reserved Stalls, Half-a-Crown; at the Palace and 6, Exeter Hall.

EXETER HALL.—MR. SANTLEY.—CREATION, 29th.
National Choral Society.

EXETER HALL.—MISS LOUISA PYNE.—CREATION.
—N.C.S.

EXETER HALL.—THE NEW TENOR, LEIGH
WILSON.—CREATION.—N.C.S.

EXETER HALL.—CREATION.—National Choral
Society.—Grand performance of Haydn's Oratorio, the CREATION, Wednes-
day, Nov. 29th, commence at 8. Conductor—Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Miss Louisa Pyne,
Mr. Leigh Wilson, and Mr. Santley. Organist—Mr. John G. Boardman. Band
and Chorus 700. Tickets—21s., 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s.—14, 15, Exeter Hall, first floor.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON & MISS EMILY
PITT will sing the duets, "Oh sweet summer morn"—Macfarren, and "La
Regatta Veneziana"—Rossini, on the 29th inst., at Faversham, and the solos, "Fare-
well, ye limpid streams," and "Oh rest in the Lord, on the 4th Dec., at the Horns,
Kennington.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON begs to announce
that having concluded her engagement with Mr. German Reed's Opera di
Camera, she is at liberty to accept engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. She
will sing at Faversham, Nov. 29th; Chichester, Jan. 9th; Hull, Feb. 12th and 14th;
Swindon, April 8th. All communications to be addressed to her residence, 19, New-
man Street, W.

BRIGHTON.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL begs to announce a SECOND
GRAND HARMONIUM RECITAL, at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, on
Wednesday, December 6th, when he will perform a series of Classical, Sacred, and
Secular Compositions. 50, Grand Parade, Brighton.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing his two New Songs,
"Airy, fairy Lillian" and "Were this world only made for me," at Tyne-
mouth, Nov. 30th; South Shields, Dec. 1st; Jarrow, Dec. 3rd.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing Herr Reichardt's New
Song, "My heart's in the highlands," Tyne-mouth, Nov. 30th; South Shields,
Dec. 1st; Jarrow, Dec. 3rd.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT'S Variations
on "Le Carnaval de Venise," at Leicester, Dec. 12th.

WILLIE PAPE—Honored by the command of H.R.H.
the Prince of Wales—will continue his TOUR through the Provinces.—
Address—No. 9, Soho-square, W.

MRS. TENNANT begs to announce her return to town
for the season. Terms, for Concerts, Oratorios, Solécés, &c., as well as for
instruction in Singing, may be obtained of Mrs. Tennant, 53, Maddox-street, New
Bond-street, W.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing BALFE's song, "I'm not
in love, remember," and BENEDICT'S "Rock me to sleep," in Scotland, during
the month of November.

MISS JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honor to
announce that the next meeting for the practice of Vocal Concerted Music
will take place on Thursday, Nov. 30th, at her residence, 50, Bedford Square.



MRS. JOHN MACFARREN will give an **EVENING** AT THE PIANOFORTE, on Wednesday, Nov. 29th, at Faversham, Kent. Pianist—Mrs. John Macfarren; Vocalists—Miss Robertine Henderson and Miss Emily Pitt. Part I.—Rondo in C. "Moto Continuo" (Sonata, Op. 24)—Weber; Song, "The Lady of the Sea"—Henry Smart; Variations, "The Harmonious Blacksmith," Suites de Pieces in E—Handel; Aria, "Batti, Batti" (Il Don Giovanni)—Mozart; Selection of "Lieder ohne Worte"—Mendelssohn; Duet, "Oh Sweet Summer Morn" (She Stoops to Conquer)—G. A. Macfarren; Fantasia on Scotch Airs, "Bonnie Scotland"—Brissac. Part II.—"Sonata Pathétique"—Beethoven; Ballad, "The Gypsy's Home" (Jessy Lea)—G. A. Macfarren; Nocturne, "Long Ago," and Caprice "The Butterfly"—Brissac; Duo, "La Regata Veneziana"—Rossini; Scotch Ballad, "Comin' thro' the rye"; Grand Fantasia, "L'Ellisir D'Amore"—Thalberg.

MR. HORTON CLARIDGE ALLISON.
(First Prize, Leipzig Conservatorium, 1865.)

MR. HORTON CLARIDGE ALLISON instructs Students, professional or amateur, in Pianoforte playing, Harmony, Counterpoint and Composition (on the principles of the German colleges of music), through the medium of the English, French, or German languages.—Address—206, Marylebone Road, N.W.

MADAME PAREPA.

MADAME PAREPA will not return to London until March, 1866, having accepted a re-engagement for three more months.—10, Warwick Crescent, Maida Hill.

MISS BERRY.

MISS BERRY requests that all communications relative to lessons or engagements, either in town or in the provinces, be addressed to her, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street, London, W.

MADAME BERGER LASCELLES.

MADAME BERGER LASCELLES requests all letters, respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts and Lessons, in town or country, to be addressed to her residence, 3, York Street, Portman Square, W.

BRIGHTON.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a **MATINEE MUSICALE** at the **PAVILION**, Brighton, on Thursday, Dec. 7th, assisted by Mrs. FRANCIS TALFOURD and Mr. TRELAWNEY COBBAM. Further particulars will be duly announced. London, 17, Westbourne Square.

TO MUSICSELLERS, COMPOSERS, &c.

F. BOWCHER, Engraver and Printer, 3, Little Marlborough Street, Regent Street, London, begs to say that he Engraves and Prints works on moderate terms.

MUSICAL VIGNETTE FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

"THE SUN'S LAST RAY,"

BY JULES BRISSAC.

"The following beautiful and highly suggestive lines from Byron head the first page of this aptly styled 'Musical Vignette,' and would appear to have given rise to the elegant musical ideas which follow:—

"When the last sunshine of expiring day
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?"

"The piece, an audante in F major, consists of a very sweet and expressive melody, laid in the tenor part of the instrument, the left hand crossing the right with a light accompaniment, which, after an easy, natural progression into the key of A minor, is repeated, this time an octave higher, with an accompaniment of semiquavers. The same melody then again appears in the lower register, and is now accompanied by delicate arpeggi in triplets; and the third verse, as it were, of the song is supplemented by an effective coda, which is in perfect keeping with the rest. Thus, simple as this little piece is in its construction, it is nevertheless extremely telling in its effect, and will, or we are much mistaken, prove quite a drawing-room success."—*The Queen*, Sept. 30th.

Published by HUTCHINGS & ROMER, 9, Conduit Street.

A WILD HIS-STORY.—AN ILLUSTRATED COMIC CHANT

By CHARLES HALL.

"There is no such a thing as Chants."—*Edinburgh Review*. "Finest moral out.—*Educational Monitor*. "I take it."—*Philosophical Mother*. "I chants it."—*Popular Singer*. "The illustrations are quite worthy of anybody."—*Fine Arts Register*. "This song ought to immortalize its composer."—*That's Half*.
HORWOOD & CREW, 42, New Bond Street.

SACRED STRAINS.—The Words by the Rev. Dr. WORDSWORTH, of Westminster Abbey, the Music composed and arranged for one or more voices by ROBERT SLOMAN, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—"I think highly of your tunes. I think better of them than of almost any new ones I have seen. They show, I think, great judgment in their composition. I am really pleased with them."—*Dr. Wesley*.

- No. 1. Sunday Hymn.
- " 2. Wedding Hymn.
- " 3. The Lilies.
- " 4. "There was of old a place."
- " 5. "Never to Thee."
- " 6. "Hallelujah. Amen."

Six numbers in one book, nett, 2s. ADDISON and Co., Regent Street; or of the Composer Welshpool.

WOULD YOU GAIN A MAIDEN'S HEART.

Madrigal. By ROBERT SLOMAN, Mus. Bac., Oxon. Dedicated, by permission, to Mr. H. Leslie's Choir.

"To write a good madrigal is no easy task. In addition to genius and feeling, it demands a large amount of musical scholarship; and so perfect are the models of this class of composition—the Italian and English madrigals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Augustan age of pure vocal harmony—that the production of a madrigal like those of Marenzio or Wilbye, has been said to be as arduous as an attempt to rival a statue of Phidias or Praxiteles or Phidias. . . . Mr. Sloman's music has a relish of the golden time. The separate parts are exceedingly melodious, and the effect produced by their combination is full and rich, while there is not a speck upon the transparent clearness of the harmony. Altogether this is a charming madrigal, and does honour to its author."—*The Press*.

"At the present time there are many families who have musical meetings at home one or twice during the month, and to these we recommend this charming madrigal."—*The Ladies' Treasury*.

Price, nett, 1s.; or the four separate parts, 1s. ADDISON and Co., Regent Street; or of the Composer, Welshpool.

NEW VOCAL PART - MUSIC.

TWO VOICES.
The Gleaner's bell ... John Barnett ... 3 0
The gladness of Nature ... Mrs. H. Ames ... 2 0

THREE VOICES.
Good night ... G. A. Macfarren ... 2 6
See the jocund Spring advancing ... ditto ... 2 0
The silent Moon is beaming ... Rossini ... 2 0
God of our life, to Thee we call ... Gounod ... 1 6
Blessed be Thy name for ever ... T. M. Mudie ... 2 0
Rise, my soul ... ditto ... 2 0

FOUR VOICES.
The day is done ... T. Ridley Prentice ... 2 0
Separate parts to ditto ... each ... 0 3

LAMBORN COCK & CO., 83, New Bond Street.

Just Published. Price 3s.

NEW BALLAD,

"MARY OF THE ISLE,"

By WILLIAM BROCK.

London: JEFFERYS, Soho Square.

NEW EDITION.

THE MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE

AND

Passages on the Various Modes of Touch,

WITH

Advice as to the Proper Mode of Practising;

ALSO

Short Preludes in the Form of Chords, Arpeggiated in each key

So that a Pianist may play a Prelude before any piece of music of whatever character—(gay, lively, quick, or slow).

CALCULATED FOR

PUPILS OF ALL DEGREES OF ADVANCEMENT.

BY

W. H. HOLMES.

Price 5s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NEW SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

LETTY LORNE.

"The Christmas log blazed on the hearth,
Some twenty years ago,
And I sat in the ingle nook,
Beside sweet Letty Lorne."

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

GEORGE PERREN.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MDLLE. KREB'S EDITIONS

OF

EISOLDT'S PLAYFUL NAIADES,

Price 4s., and

LISZT'S TARANTELE DE LA MUETTE

(Masaniello),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE

With a portrait of Mdlle. KREBS.

Price 4s.

As played by MARIE KREBS at Mr. Alfred Mellon's Concerts at the Royal Italian Opera-house, is published only by
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent-street, London, W.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S CONCERTS.

(Times—Nov. 20.)

The first of Signor Arditi's promised concerts took place at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday night. A more attractive programme of its kind was never made out. Besides one of the finest of all symphonies—that of Mozart in G minor, composed in July, as the symphony in E flat was composed in June, and that in C (the *Jupiter*), in August, 1788, the year after *Don Giovanni*—three of the quasi-novelties of which Signor Arditi announces so extended a catalogue were produced. The first of these—an overture to *Faust*, by the late Herr Lindpaintner, formerly Kapellmeister to the King of Wurtemberg, and who conducted the new Philharmonic Concerts (London) in 1853, is a composition full of dash and vigour, and scored for the orchestra with great brilliancy. Those who keep such things in mind may not have forgotten that the overture to *Faust* was played many years ago at the Philharmonic Concerts, but failed to impress the subscribers in any marked degree. Lindpaintner, who was born in 1791, the year of Mozart's death, and died not very long since, was, like most of the earnest composers of his period, in some measure influenced by the seductive mannerism of Weber, and this may be detected in his overture to *Faust*, as in most of his important compositions. Nevertheless, the work was right welcome, and we are glad to see, in the list of overtures to come, another from the same pen—that to the ballet called *Joko*. The overture to *Joko* was a frequent interlude at the performances in Drury-lane Theatre, when Mr. Alexander Lee and Captain Polhill were joint lessees, and music was at a premium in that "patent" house. It was Lindpaintner who, complaining to M. Fétilis of the indifference shown to German opera by the German Courts and the German people, accounted for the favor which had throughout Germany been extended to *Der Freischütz* by saying that "the Devil is popular everywhere, especially with a nation *exaltée et rêveuse*." Still more interesting—far more, indeed—than *Faust*, was the overture to *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, by Boieldieu, who, not without some show of justice, and despite his avowed non-proficiency in the strict laws of counterpoint, has been styled "the French Mozart." *Le Petit Chaperon* (*Little Red Riding-hood*) was produced in Paris at the Opéra Comique, in 1818, and from that time Boieldieu, already popular, enjoyed a reputation which, some years later, through his next celebrated work (*La Dame Blanche*), became European. The introductory and fragmentary part of the overture of *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* is intended to represent each successive step in the familiar adventures of Little Red Riding-hood and the Wolf; and it would have been as well to insert in the programme the references to the text which are met with in the various printed editions. It is charmingly fresh from one end to the other; and we trust, notwithstanding the promise of another specimen of Boieldieu—the overture to his last opera (*Les Deux Nuits*)—that the *Petit Chaperon* may be repeated at a future concert. The third of Signor Arditi's welcome rarities was the overture to *La Chasse du Jeune Henri*—by Méhul, Boieldieu's counsellor, friend, and oracle—the most characteristic description of a hunt that exists in music. This, it is true, was recently introduced by Professor Bennett at a Philharmonic concert; but, in all probability, very few out of the crowd that thronged the promenade of Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday are in the habit of invading the musically classical precincts of Hanover Square—at any rate on "Philharmonic" nights. If Boieldieu may be called "the French Mozart," Méhul may, even with greater reason, be called the French Gluck; for Gluck was not only his early friend and adviser, but his constant and cherished model. *Le Jeune Henri* was produced at the Opéra Comique in 1797, during the rivalry that sprang up between that establishment and the Théâtre Feydeau, which rivalry, it has been well observed, did very much for French art. The opera itself was condemned, and the curtain fell before the end; but the overture, which had been encoored with enthusiasm, was called for again after this unflattering incident, and performed a third time with the same success. The three unfamiliar pieces were played with no less *finesse* than precision—as well, in short, as could be desired—by the orchestra, which owes its admirable state of discipline to Signor Arditi, and each found a host of admirers. At the same time the pure and noble symphony of Mozart, given entire, and with a spirit and accuracy beyond praise, was the chief feature of the first part of the concert. The second part began with the overture and a selection, vocal and instrumental, from M. Gounod's *Mireille*, brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre last year as *Mirella*, with a success which was no more than its due. The vocal pieces were the duet, "Sante Martiri" (Act III), extremely well sung by Mdlles. Sinico and Sarolta (encored, but not repeated); the quaint complets of Ourrias, the Bull-tamer, sung by Mr. Santley as he used to sing them in 1864 (encored and repeated); and last, and best, the delicious pastoral, "Io sono pastorel" (*Le petit berger*), entrusted to Mdlle. Sinico, appropriately preceded and followed by the quaint *musette* in imitation of the shepherd's pipe, which could not have been played with greater delicacy than by Messrs.

Crozier (oboe), Pollard and Grist (clarinet). The movement that brought the selection from *Mireille* to a conclusion was the "Procession March" from the last act, a rich and gorgeously instrumented piece. Altogether the selection was a decided "hit."

For instrumental solos there were two performances on the fiddle—a *fantasia* on themes from *Norma*, the composition of Signor Arditi himself, and the *rondo* from De Beriot's Seventh Concerto. The violinist was Mdlle. Emilia Arditi, sister to the conductor, very young (not 15 we believe), and full of precocious talent. Mdlle. Arditi plays invariably in tune, and executes her passages of display with singular ease and fluency. Better still, she has genuine expression, of which she afforded gratifying proof, in her manner of phrasing the slow melody, "Casta diva," one of the themes of her first solo, at the termination of which she was enthusiastically applauded and called back into the orchestra. The solo singers were more than usually many for a promenade concert. The vocal programme with which the concert was agreeably varied included "La ci darem la mano," by Mdlle. Sarolta and Mr. Santley (encored); Signor Arditi's lively bolero, "Leggero invisibile," by Mdlle. Sinico (unanimously encored); "M'appari tutt' amor," from *Martha*, by Signor Stagno (encored); "O ruddier than the cherry," by Mr. Santley (uproariously encored); the duet and songs from *Mireille*, already cited; and a ballad by the late Mr. Nelson ("I have roamed through many lands"), by Mdlle. Edi (encored). But this was not all. The second part of the concert was effectively brought to an end by a new *valse*, entitled "Hilda," composed by Mr. D. Godfrey—quite as rhythmically marked and quite as cheerfully tuneful as his "Guards' Waltz," and "Mabel,"—followed by the well known galop, *Orphée aux Enfers*. Mr. Godfrey conducted his own pieces, Signor Arditi, who was warmly received, directing the performance of all the others.

The decorations of the orchestra—erected as usual in front of the proscenium—are very elegant, and the stage is comfortably inclosed by drapery, after the accepted fashion of previous years. We must, however, protest against two innovations, in which we cannot but think Signor Arditi has been ill-advised. The first is a despotic placard, "No readmission," which deprives frequenters of the promenade of a privilege withheld at no London theatre or other place of entertainment—the privilege of missing whatever parts of the performance they may not feel inclined to hear, and of returning to listen to those parts which may be more to their fancy; the other is the abolition of the old communication between promenade and gallery, which used to enable people to sit down when they were tired of standing or walking about, and to stand or walk about when they were tired of sitting down. In the enforcement of these innovations we cannot but think Signor Arditi mistaken.

The concerts are to last for a month, and the programmes in their most important features to be changed every evening. This last is an innovation in which, it will be generally admitted, Signor Arditi has been as well as in the others, ill-counselled.

JENA.—The first Academical Concerts came off on the 7th inst., with the following programme: "Passacaglia for the Organ," J. S. Bach (scored by Herr Esser); Recitative and Aria from *Rinaldo*, Handel, with accompaniment by Meyerbeer (Madlle E. Borchardt); Concerto for Violoncello, A minor, with Orchestral Accompaniment, Rubenstein (Herr Cossman); Songs with Piano—1. "Santissima Virgine," Gordigiani; 2. "Südländers Nachtlied," Esser (Mdlle E. Borchardt); and Symphony, No 5, C minor, Beethoven.—On the 29th October, the Brothers Thern, pianists, from Pesth, assisted by Herr Brand, violoncellist, gave a concert with the following peculiar programme: Grand Sonata, B flat major, Op. 106, Beethoven, arranged for two pianos, by C. Thern; Adagio, G minor, for violoncello, Spohr; "Berceuse," Chopin (Louis Thern); Romance, D minor, Schumann (Willis Thern); Andante for Two Pianos, Carl Thern; Toccata for Two Pianos, Schumann; "Concertsatz für Cello," A minor, Gollermann; "Hungarian Fantasia for two Pianofortes," and "Faust Waltz" for Two Pianos, Franz Liszt.

CARLSRUHE.—This small capital has no reason to complain of any want of musical amusement. Madame Clara Schumann, Herren Joachim and Brahms, have been here on "starring" engagements. The worthy inhabitants enjoy also the orchestral concerts of the Court Chapel, of the Cäcilien-Verein, and of the Philharmonischer Verein. The two "Vereins," or Unions, are for mixed choral singing. The Cäcilien Verein consists entirely of amateurs. The Philharmonischer comprises among its members some of the professional singers from the theatre. The existence of two such separate societies in a town containing only some 30,000 souls, and boasting besides of several societies for male choral singing, is rather an anomaly; there is, however, but little chance that the two Vereins will pursue the proper course, as far as the interests of art are concerned, and amalgamate, for the Cäcilienverein, which is the older institution of the two, looks down upon the Philharmonischer as an usurper. A little bit of German politics—as the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* observes—set to music.

LOOK UPON THESE PICTURES.

(From the Morning Post.)

Mr. Henry Leslie's *Ida*, the one English opera announced by the English Opera Company for production this season, between Meyerbeer's *Africaine* and Felicien David's *Lalla Rookh*, was duly brought out on Wednesday evening, and is now to be played twice a week. This will at least give the bills a more English character than they possessed when the representations of *L'Africaine* were varied only by those of *Masaniello*. On the whole, however, *Ida*; or *the Guardian Storks*, is not a good specimen of an English opera. It has the advantage, as it is usually considered, of being founded upon a legend, but the disadvantage of being founded upon a legend which is nearly unintelligible as it is set forth in the libretto, and quite unintelligible as it is briefly narrated in the "argument" which the author has thought it necessary to publish by way of preface to his very mysterious "book." Those who dive at once into the libretto will not find it an easy matter to understand it, but those who begin with the preliminary explanation will make nothing of it at all. The plot of an opera should be as simple as possible; and the plots of all the operas that have taken a lasting hold on the public are so simple and clear that they can be told in pantomime. Thus every good ballet of action contains the frame-work, and something of the substance, of a good opera-book; and it is a fact that all the best opera-books, from *Don Giovanni* to *La Sonnambula*, and from *La Sonnambula* to the *Bohemian Girl* (which, in spite of the reputation for absurdity gained for it by its songs, is full of good musical situations) are founded upon subjects which have also been treated in the ballet form. We do not know what dramatic form would best suit the story of *Ida*; or *the Guardian Storks*; but if Mr. Paigrave Simpson was determined to make an opera of it, he should have treated it as an *opéra comique* in which, as the ordinary recitative of Italian opera is replaced by spoken dialogue, intricate dramatic situations may be introduced without any fear that from not hearing what is said the audience may fail to understand what is being done. This, however, would doubtless not have suited Mr. Henry Leslie, whose object was not to produce an *opéra comique*, but a proper musical work—written in music from beginning to end. The librettist and composer have not helped one another very much. Mr. Simpson's situations are not simple, striking, and perfectly intelligible as they ought to be for the setting forth of Mr. Leslie's music, while Mr. Leslie's recitatives have the effect of giving obscurity to Mr. Simpson's dialogue; not to understand which is, in the case of such a complicated drama as *Ida*; or *the Guardian Storks*, not to understand the meaning of any one scene. When will composers, and, in the interest of composers, librettists, learn that unless the story of an opera be presented in as clear and simple a manner as possible, the hearer, instead of giving himself up entirely to the music—instead of being *auditor tantum*—has to become a reader as well, and to refer constantly to his libretto to discover the meaning of what is being sung? Then there are too many madmen in *Ida*, which is already sufficiently wild by the nature of its incidents. One insane person is enough for any drama—unless, indeed, the scene be laid in a lunatic asylum, as it really is in one lively little Italian operetta in which a whole company of lunatics is introduced. In *Ida*; or *the Guardian Storks*, Adrian of Hainfeldt goes all through the opera in a state of what the author calls "incipient" madness, until at last he becomes completely insane, and shoots one of the "guardian storks," on whose good-will the fortunes of the Hainfeldt family depend. Damian, a humble dependent of the Hainfeldts, is described as "a half-witted youth," and certainly behaves as such; while "the late master of Hainfeldt," though the author seems to treat him as a perfectly sane person, has tied round the neck of the unhappy stork, who ultimately gets shot, "a little mysterious medallion of lead," containing important instructions through which the rightful heirs to the Hainfeldt property are unexpectedly enabled to make out their title. No one, of course, would object to this last incident on the score of its improbability, any more than one would object to the impossible incidents of a dozen other legends which have been made the subjects of operas, were it not that in *Ida*; or *the Guardian Storks*, the main subject is not treated in a legendary spirit, either by the librettist or by the composer. A tradition that a certain castle was under the protection of a family of storks, who, from time immemorial, had built their nests on one of its ancient towers; that the ruin of the family and the departure of the storks took place simultaneously; and that long afterwards the family regained possession of the property, from which they had been wrongfully ejected, through the discovery of a medallion tied to the neck of one of these guardian birds;—such a tradition as this, treated simply, after the model of *La Guzza Ladra*, might have been made something of. But in the opera which Mr. Paigrave Simpson has founded upon it there are too many characters, too many incidents, too much complication, and, as an inevitable consequence, too much obscurity.

From the "Pall Mall Gazette."

The Royal English Opera Company has brought out another work by a native composer, of which more than one journal has proclaimed the triumphant success. And if the applause of a first night be any test, there can be no doubt that Mr. Leslie's *Ida* on the evening of its production was indeed most vehemently applauded. "Ovations" were offered to the principal singers—which means, we believe, that bouquets were thrown to them; several pieces were encored; and the composer was called for after every act—an absurd custom, imported from Italy, and which the superior good taste of the French, who cannot see the propriety of authors and composers presenting themselves personally to the public, has never tolerated. At last we almost felt enthusiastic ourselves, until, on reflection, it occurred to us that during the last few years we had "assisted" at a good many first representations of the same kind, and that the enthusiasm called forth in such abundance by Mr. Leslie's *Ida* had been equally elicited by the same composer's *Romance*, and by a multitude of operas by Mr. Frank Mori, Mr. Hatton, Mr. Alfred Mellon, Mr. Frederick Clay, and we may even add, Mr. Macfarren, of which the very names are now forgotten by every one except a few musical critics, and chroniclers who are paid to remember them. There is assuredly no dearth of original composers in England, though there may be a certain lack of originality in the music they compose. During the last twenty years, at least twenty English composers of various degrees of mediocrity have had operas brought out in London; and of the whole number only two, Balfe and Wallace, have shown themselves capable of writing a series of successful works for the stage. "*C'est beaucoup*," said Candide, when he was told how many dramatic authors there were in France. "*C'est beaucoup*," said Martin, when he was told how few of them wrote good plays; and we also, looking at the matter from Martin's point of view, ought not to be astonished if out of some two dozen English composers only a very small number have, for any length of time, been able to please our not too difficult public. What is far more surprising is, that whenever an English opera is brought out in London, everybody, for exactly one night, seems delighted with it. Triumphs and "ovations" are the order of the evening. Everything is encored. All the singers are called on to the stage. The singers bring on the composer, the composer brings on the conductor, the conductor brings on the stage manager, who causes himself to be accompanied by the scene painter, and, by way of a final effect, we have on more than one occasion seen the director of the theatre come on by himself. With the exception of the carpenters and the gas men, there is no one connected with the production of English operas who has not at some time or other been summoned before the curtain to figure in an improvised "ovation."

The excessive and indiscriminate fervour with which English operas are always received (for at least one night) is perhaps compensated for by the cool reception accorded most invariably to works by foreign composers. *La Sonnambula* was demolished by the *Athenæum* critic of the day; *Norma*, as we are informed by a historian of the period, was on its first production "not liked;" and in our own time we have seen all Verdi's best operas treated with neglect, and by many critics with contempt, until, after continued repetitions, the general public has learned to admire them.

Whether the general public will ever be taught to admire Mr. Leslie's *Ida*; or *the Guardian Storks*, is more than doubtful; but of one thing we are quite sure, that no one even among its most enthusiastic supporters could give an intelligent account of the plot. In no form of the drama is simplicity of action so requisite as in opera, and in no opera that we can remember are there so many and such complicated incidents as in *Ida*. Mr. Paigrave Simpson, the author of the libretto, has shown a great deal of superfluous ingenuity in leading us from one inexplicable situation to another; but he apparently forgot that to follow him it would be necessary to refer constantly to his "book" and that thus the attention of the audience would be taken away from the music. We should have thought that this point would at least have struck the composer. Even if the musical pieces were connected by spoken dialogue, as in the French *opéra comique*, the work would be difficult to understand; but with the dialogue delivered in recitative it is, to a mere listener, perfectly unintelligible. We were at first under the impression that Mr. Simpson had taken the not very promising subject of the *Ancient Mariner* for his libretto, with the substitution of a stork for an albatross. Mr. Simpson's bird, however, is quite another creature; and when one of several lunatics included among the personages of the drama shoots it, no calamity happens to the family who claim it as their guardian. On the contrary, "a little mysterious medallion of lead" is discovered round the bird's neck, containing a paper which enables the said family to regain possession of an ancestral estate.

In spite of the violent melodramatic character of the incidents, Mr.

Essentially unfitted for musical setting as Mr. Simpson's book appears to us to be, we at the same time readily admit that it is much better written than such productions usually are. This is, of course, a merit, but it has little or no effect on the success of an opera; and if the libretto of *Ida* abounded in poetry of the highest order, that would not render the drama more interesting or more intelligible as a whole. We have already recorded the fact that *Ida* was very well received on Wednesday evening; but it really would be difficult to mention any English opera which has not gained at least one night's success. Much as is said about the unwillingness of the English to recognise merit in their own composers, they are always ready enough to applaud an English composer on the "first representation," and, if Mr. Leslie's new opera had possessed far less merit than really belongs to it, the recollection of the services he has rendered to the cause of music in England would have prepossessed the audience strongly in his favour, and done much to ensure the success of his work.

In spite of the violent melo-dramatic scenes of which *Ida* is so full, the music of the opera is for the most part light and agreeable. It is often, then, by no means in harmony with the dramatic situations—a dissonance of which we cannot complain; for, if Mr. Leslie had taken all the horrors so liberally supplied to him *au sérieux* his music must have been painfully tragic. The most ambitious piece in the opera is the finale to the second act, in which both the dramatic situation and the manner in which the composer has treated it, recall the celebrated finale to the second act of *Lucia*. But the most successful pieces, to judge from the applause, are the ballads, which are modelled after the well-known form rendered so popular by Mr. Balfe, and which, like their great originals, have little or nothing to do with the action of the piece. The ballad for the tenor, "A loving heart," was the first encore of the evening; and it was certainly well sung by Mr. Cummings, who, long known as a concert singer, appeared on Wednesday night for the first time on the stage. The ballads for the baritone (Mr. Patey) and the soprano (Mdlle. Ida Gillies) were equally fortunate, both being redemanded. But by far the best solo in the opera is the air for *Ida* in the last act ("Holy Mother, oh befriend me"), which Mdlle. Gillies sings with admirable feeling. The legend of the opera commencing "Lord Rupert," of which the motive is repeatedly introduced, is not very striking, considering the importance attached to it. (Why, by the way, does Mr. Leslie treat "Rupert" as a word of five syllables, thus—"Roo-o-who-hoo-per-t"—a division of which the effect is irresistibly comic?) The concerted music is not, on the whole, very remarkable, but there is a charming chorus of vine-dressers in the first act, written in Mr. Leslie's best style, and which is sure to become popular.

[Has not the writer of the foregoing striven somewhat convulsively to prove that a bone is a bone?—D. PETERS.]

COSBURN.—M. Mortier de Fontaine, the pianist, who formerly resided at Munich, seems to have permanently taken up his quarters here. At least, he has now been residing for some months in the Ducal Palace, and given two very well attended concerts. He has also been—of course—decorated by the Duke.

VIENNA.—According to *Zellner's Blätter für Musik* there is a ladies' revolt at the Conservatory. It appears that after long-pending negotiations, conducted with equal secrecy and zeal, the Directors succeeded in engaging Madlle. Falkoni as teacher of singing, giving her, evidently on account of what she has effected at the Imperial School of Singing, twice the salary accorded to the other two fair professors of the vocal art in the Conservatory. This last fact has transformed the milk of human kindness in the bosoms of the aforesaid ladies into serpent's-venom, and the result is that they demand to be paid as highly as their new colleague. If the Directors do not manage to get over their crisis by diplomatic means, they will hardly do so at all, for the increase of pay will, in all likelihood, not be granted. It is, by the way, worthy of remark that, while the instrumental classes are overflowing, the vocal classes of the Conservatory were never so sparsely attended as at present.—Herr Richard Wagner has come here to consult several eminent medical men on the state of his health.

BRUSSELS.—There will be six concerts this year at the Conservatoire in place of four. The two supplementary performances will be given to the amateurs of classical music as recompense for being deprived of two concerts last season, necessitated by the absence of the director, M. Fétis, who was summoned to Paris to superintend the preparation of the *Africaine*.

MAYENCE.—Madame Frezzolini has been performing in the *Sonnambula* at the Théâtre de la Ville and exciting the greatest enthusiasm. While not attempting to pass over the defects of her voice the Mayence public are lavish in their praise of her great artistic capabilities and the excellence of her style and method.

Leslie's music is somewhat lively. At times the composer of *Ida* seems to have ironical intentions—so plainly do his gay and flippant tunes tell us that Mr. Palgrave Simpson's terrible situations are not quite so terrible as he would have us believe. His airs have certainly not the fault of being outrageously original. Scribe is reported to have said of a bran new joke, that when it has been published two or three times it would tell capitally on the stage. He held that an audience ought never to be taken too much by surprise; and according to this theory Mr. Leslie's ballads must be admirably fitted for the theatre, though it is possible, of course, to push the theory too far. However, it is a fact that the three ballads in *Ida* constructed on the Balfe pattern, and given respectively, accorded to the Balfe system, to the tenor, the soprano and the baritone, were all encores the first night. How many hundreds of those unfortunate ballads have been written by our twenty English composers! and how much they resemble one another! and how very soon they are forgotten! which, as they are to be followed by many other ballads of precisely the same form, is, perhaps, fortunate. In some of the choral music of *Ida* we recognize the style of the composer who has written a number of successful part songs; and in the air sung by Miss Gillies in the last act we again find Mr. Leslie in a somewhat happy vein. If Mr. Leslie had chosen a libretto founded on some light, graceful subject, he might, at least, have given us a second *Romance*; but in attempting to produce what is called a "grand opera" both Mr. Simpson and Mr. Leslie have mistaken their line, and have really done themselves injustice. The work reminds us of a bad trifle, with all sorts of horrible things mixed together on a basis of spongecake and drenched in adulterated wine—an indigestible operatic mass, calculated to give even the most seasoned amateurs severe lyrical nightmare.

We can scarcely, however, blame the Royal English Opera Company for producing *Ida*. An English Opera Company must, from time to time, play English operas; and now that, thanks to this company, all the untired English composers who were reported to have masterpieces concealed in their mysterious portfolios have had the opportunity of showing what these masterpieces were really worth, we do not know where to turn for an original English work. With the exception of Mr. Balfe, there is (now that we have lost Mr. Wallace), no English composer—unless Mr. Benedict be so considered—who can be counted upon for a successful opera, as some dozen novelists can be counted upon with tolerable certainty to produce successful novels. Our operatic composers have not yet learned their art; for the art of writing with success for the stage is one that composers, like dramatists, can only acquire by experience; and where, in England, could the necessary practical personal experience be gained? A few failures on the part of a tyro in stage-writing prove nothing—that is to say, the failures in themselves prove nothing; and many of the best dramatists and composers of the period—take, for instance, Scribe among writers, and Meyerbeer and Gounod among musicians—made several fiascos and semi-fiascos before they taught themselves not only to deserve but to command success. It cannot be said, then, that the Royal English Opera does but little good because the original works it brings out have but little value. It gives English composers opportunities of making themselves heard, and if it only produces a sufficient number of new operas it may in time be rewarded by a success. In the meanwhile it cannot and ought not to depend upon English operas alone; but it must be remembered that in the translations it produces all the singers engaged are English—which in itself would entitle it to be considered an English enterprise. From the Italian Lulli to the German Gluck, and from the Italian Piccini to the German Meyerbeer, how many of the composers who have written operas for the Académie de Paris have been Frenchmen? Yet the Académie was always looked upon as a French theatre, and by studying the works produced upon its stage by foreigners, Frenchmen at last learn to write for it successfully themselves.

[Has not the writer of the foregoing striven somewhat convulsively to prove that an egg is an egg? *O dulcis Pimplea!*—D. PETERS.]

MR. AGUILAR'S RECITALS OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC.—The third of the present series of the performances came off on Wednesday. The following was the programme:—Sonata in C, Aguilar;—Andante (Miss Grace Aguilar), Beethoven;—La Gaité, Weber;—Feuillet d'Album, Heller;—The Blue Bells, Aguilar;—Cavatine, Heller;—Sonata (Op. 53), Beethoven;—Lieder Ohne Worte, V. 3, V. 4, Mendelssohn;—Fantasia on "La Circassienne" (Miss Grace Aguilar), Ascher;—Sérénade and Chant des Moissonneurs, Alfred Holmes;—Valse Brillante, Aguilar. As usual the rooms were quite full. Miss Grace Aguilar, who assisted her father, made a favorable impression by her performance. She possesses a nice touch and her execution is neat and correct. By careful study, Miss Aguilar, who has greatly improved since last season, will become an excellent player. The ground-work is already there.

BRIGHTON.—PAVILLION.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S THIRD AND LAST
PIANOFORTE RECITAL

Thursday, Nov. 30th, at 3 o'clock, p.m.

MADAME GODDARD WILL PLAY.

RONDO PIACEVOLE	W. S. Bennett.
FUGUE in B flat	Hummel.
FUGUE in G minor (Cut's Fugue)	Scarlatti.
PRELUDE AND FUGUE in G major	J. S. Bach.
ANDANTE in E flat	Hummel.
SONATA in C sharp minor (Moonlight)	Beethoven.
FANTASIA, "Where the Bee Sucks"	Benedict.

Madame GEORGE DOLBY with sing songs by Glinka, Benedict, and Wallace.

Accompanyst—Mr. ARPLEY.

Manager—Mr. GEORGE DOLBY.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS.

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has the copyright of a few original **MUSICAL LECTURES** to dispose of.—136, St. Paul's Road, Camden-square, N.W.

Histoire de l'Armée et de la flotte du Roy FROBENDUS de
 Macarone et de la belle Grèce, fille de Remichu, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Mangin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare manuscript to be sold for six shillings. (no diminution of price). Enquire of DEWAR LIAISON & Co., 211, Regent Street.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT,"

A NEW WORK

By JOSEPH GODDARD.

Price to Subscribers, 5s.

Names of Subscribers to be sent to the Office of the **MUSICAL WORLD**.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—*Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

L'AFRICAINNE IN BERLIN.

"Die Afrikanerin, Oper in fünf Acten von Scribe, Deutsch von Ferdinand Gumbert, Music von G. Meyerbeer."

BERLIN, *Monday*.—The second representation of the *Africaine* takes place to-morrow night. All the places are let for five performances to come and the demand extends up to the 10th night. With this statement of the fact it will be at once believed that the success here of Meyerbeer's posthumous work is unprecedented. To open the notice with a reference to the future, rather than begin with a flaming account of the memorable night of Saturday the 18th of November, when the *Africaine* was first launched in Germany will prove more gratifying to English readers rendered suspicious of sensational success on a first night of a new work. But of all European capitals, Berlin is perhaps the one the most free from the suspicion of Claqueism. Indeed it was curious at the full rehearsal last Thursday night and up to an hour or so before the curtain drew up on Saturday night, to hear the expressions of misgiving as to the verdict the Berlinese amateurs would pass on the *Africaine*. A stranger to the capital naturally supposed that of all places in the world the natal city of the

composer would be the one the most ready to accept upon trust his final opera. This was an erroneous impression, however, for precisely because Meyerbeer was born in Berlin, the opera *habitués* would not subject themselves to the charge of natural nepotism. "No man is a prophet in his own country" is a fact carried out. Perhaps there also entered into the minds of the Berlinese, something like jealousy at the notion that Paris had been exclusively selected by the deceased composer for the first production of his master-pieces. The result here, despite all fears, was most triumphant. The very venerable amateurs, indeed, who speak from the days of Spontini, openly declare that within the memory of man no such success has been achieved as that of the *Africaine*.

As regards the cast and execution of the German adaptation, there is much to be said for and against, contrasting both with those of Paris and London. But on one point there can be but one opinion, namely, as to the *mise-en-scène*. There cannot be the slightest hesitation in stating, that in artistic conception and finish, the "business" of the stage is infinitely superior to the French, Italian and English versions. It may be said that the managers here had the experience of the past to guide them. Not so, however. It is that an entirely new line has been struck out in the action of the story in many portions. Thus, the pantomime in the Council Scene, the quadruple bye-play on the different decks of the ship, and the spectacular arrangements of the Indian March were as novel as they were ingenious and animated. Unless he had seen "rows" in a French Chamber of Deputies, in constitutional days, a spectator of the lively discussion in the Portuguese Council during the consideration of the plans of the great navigator, Vasco di Gama, might have concluded that there was exaggeration in the gesture of the artists here; but the effect was admirable of the strong feelings of the antagonistic parties, the animated action giving point to the magnificent concerted piece which the composer has carried on in the debate. In the ship scene, the nautical details were in the main excellent. No doubt when Prussia has a good fleet in the Baltic, supernumeraries will be found more *au fait* in running up and down the yards; but if the "old salts" were not exactly T. P. Cookes, the general business was unexceptionable. The two cabins of Ines and Don Pedro, the main-deck and the quarter-deck were all separately shown, instead of the really disgraceful jumble at Covent Garden. More than this realization of a ship, was the atmospheric effect of the sunrise in a mist and of the threatening clouds of the storm. The *mélée* took place in every part of the ship, the Indians seeking for the Europeans in every nook. The alteration in the course of the vessel and the sinking, were cleverly contrived. The call for Herr Daubner, the mechanist, was a well merited compliment to his ingenuity.

M. Paul Taglioni had a special ovation for his arrangement of the procession which ushers in Selika in the fourth act. This scene indeed must be pronounced to be one of the most splendid spectacular triumphs ever witnessed on any stage. The entire action and dancing differ from those of Paris and London. The ballet at Berlin has always been famed. The mimes are admirably trained and the bevy of coryphæes and figurantes not to be surpassed anywhere. The March was a continued series of surprises to those who had seen the opera elsewhere. The opening told, as a large mass of Indians rushed in to prostrate themselves before the idol. It would break Harris's heart to see the Priestesses, Brahmins, Jongleurs, Amazons, Warriors &c. Such gorgeous and picturesque costumes; such endless changes; such manœuvres! The climax was overwhelmingly imposing and enchanting, for after the masses had been formed in close circles round the Queen, they retreated backwards, extending the circles down to the footlights from the rear of the stage, amidst the massive strains of the two

bands. The opera was stopped for some minutes until the ballet-master appeared and made his bow at the call of the excited audience.

The Scene Painter, Herr Gropius, *seur.*, was not forgotten, for he was summoned for his beautiful scene of the "Maucenillier" tree; and the master-mind in the mounting of the work—the Harris of Berlin—Herr Hein, the *Regisseur*, received also at the end of the opera a special ovation.

The Conductor of the *Africaine* was Herr Dorn. He fully entitled himself to the distinction of a recall, for with the materials at his command, his reading of the score was careful and conscientious. As regards his "cuts" it is fortunate he is not within your metropolitan boundaries to be annihilated by the "connoisseurs and critics," at whose "suggestions" the directors of the English Opera Company (Limited) pitched into Costa by implication for the abridgments in the Italian adaptation. Herr Dorn has in fact pursued nearly the same course in pruning as Costa;—that is, he takes out bits here and there from a piece; he suppresses repeats, he excises recitatives, he leaves out items in the middle of a concerted *morceau*. Dorn is in every way entitled to the elegant epithets which one of your contemporaries has so freely employed. It is not necessary in this missive to enter into a discussion as to the *modus operandi* of a cutting down. The simple statement of the fact that the German professor has adapted the same system as the Italian maestro is left to your editorial appreciation. Your correspondent was certainly astounded, when already in the first act he found that the *terzettino* of Ines, Don Diego and Don Pedro, instead of being omitted altogether (as in Italian), was abbreviated, the passage of the passionate lament of Ines being actually suppressed. Herr Dorn has fallen foul of the third act awfully; the excisions are of every kind—bars here and there, and pieces bodily. After the duo between Vasco and Don Diego short work is made of Meyerbeer's score. The conductor concludes, like Costa, with canonic intervals during the Indianic outburst.

It may be interesting to know the duration of the *Africaine* here. Beginning at six sharp, the curtain fell at ten minutes to eleven; but the *entr'actes* were long. The first act was over at eight minutes to seven. The second began at eight minutes past seven and terminated at a quarter to eight. At three minutes past eight the Ship act was commenced and concluded at twenty minutes to nine. At nine precisely the fourth act began and ended at ten minutes to ten. At ten minutes past ten the fifth act opened and at twenty minutes to eleven the curtain fell finally on the *Africaine*. The longest wait was between the third and fourth acts—to remove the ship. Upwards of an hour and a half was taken up with the delays between the acts. In justice to the audience of Saturday be it recorded that not a person moved before the opera was ended, and when the bust of Meyerbeer was crowned by Lucca, during which ceremonial the orchestra played the "Morceau d'Unisson," everybody in the house, from the monarch downwards, stood up.

The cast of the opera was as follows:—

<i>Selika</i>	PAULINE LUCCA.
<i>Ines</i>	MAD. HARRIERS WIPPERN.
<i>Anna</i>	FRAULEIN RETZ.
<i>Don Pedro</i>	HERR SALOMON.
<i>Don Diego</i>	HERR KRAUSE.
<i>Don Alvar</i>	HERR KRUGER.
<i>The Grand Inquisitor</i>	HERR BONT.
<i>The Grand Brahmah</i>	HERR FRICKE.
<i>Nelusko</i>	HERR BETZ.
<i>Vasco di Gama</i>	HERR WACHTEL.

The curious in casts can compare the above with *Mdme. Saxe*, *Mdlle. Battu*, *MM. Beval*, *Castelmary*, *Warot*, *Faure*, *Portehaut*,

Obin, and *Naudin* (Paris); *Wachtel*, *Attri*, *Capponi*, *Lucchesi*, *Graziani*, *Herr Schmid*, *Tagliafico*, *Fioretti*, and *Lucca* (Italians at Royal Italian Opera); *H. Corri*, *Dusek*, *Lyall*, *A. Cook*, *Laurence*, *Patey*, *C. Adams*, *Miss Louisa Pyne*, *Mdme. Sherrington*, *Mrs. A. Cook* (English at Royal English Opera).

The general character of the execution here lacks animation. The German conductors like to take their time in everything. They are exact and not impulsive—finished but not elegant. Even the *Morceau d'Unisson* was dragged inordinately; but it did not fail to rouse the house, and the encore was inevitable. The chorus has been well trained, and the voices are good—those of the women in the ship scene coming out charmingly. The orchestra has not only the disadvantage of being numerically weak in the strings, but these are not balanced against the ordinary complement of wood, brass and percussion. The platform, however, is in a deep hole. Thirty-five stringed instruments against Costa's sixty-four good men and true are formidable odds against Berlin.

The principal vocalists (Lucca, Wippern, and Wachtel excepted) are not up to the mark. The best, next to the three cited, is Herr Betz, the Nelusko, who has a fine voice, which he scarcely knows how to turn to the best account, but is no actor. The effect produced by the chief singers on the house may be best understood by citing the recalls. In the first act, Harriers Wippern after the romance, and Wachtel (enthusiastically) after the finale. In the second, Lucca after the Berceuse, Betz after the air, Lucca and Wachtel after the duet, all the artists after the Septuor finale; then Lucca, Wachtel, Wippern, and Betz, and finally Lucca and Wachtel. In the third act, the machinist had an ovation, as also Herr Betz. In the fourth act, Nelusko was recalled after the *adagio* in which he resigns Selika; Wachtel after the cavatina; Lucca and Wachtel twice during the duet; and Lucca and Wachtel three separate times after the fall of the curtain. In the last act, the two sopranos had a salutation for their high A's in the duet; the *Morceau d'Unisson* was rapturously redemanded; and Lucca, after a series of ovations in the final scene, had the crowning glory of the night. It should be noticed that the applause was confined to no particular part of the house. It came from royalty, rank, and fashion, as well as from the stalls and upper regions; and there was no more earnest applauder during the night than the King of Prussia. Lucca has carried away the honors. She has gained immensely in declamatory power, and singing in her own language afforded her an advantage of which she most skilfully availed herself. She is indeed a Selika, full of charm, quite equal to the most pathetic portions of the music. The Wachtel of Vienna and of Berlin in German is a very different person from the Wachtel of London in Italian. He has certainly improved greatly in Vasco, and made a greater impression in the love duet than with the two high C's with which he favored the Berlines. (He has a son at Vienna, 20 years of age, who is said to have even a finer voice than his father.)

Pauline Lucca is to be married next Saturday to a young Prussian officer, who has resigned his commission to obtain the prize. Nevertheless she does not leave the stage. *Dieu Merci!*

Yesterday, in the Concert Room of the Theatre (Dramatic), the bust of Meyerbeer was solemnly uncovered at noon in the presence of the Royal Family, and Herr Taubert conducted the musical performance, which consisted of pieces from Meyerbeer's works. A poem was recited by Frau Jachmann (Johanna Wagner the dramatic singer), written by Herr Rodenberg. The Schiller March was played, the *finale* of the *Struensee* overture, and the double quartet from the second act of *Robert le Diable*.

The Queen of Prussia sent on Saturday to Madame Meyerbeer a superb vase, with a letter in her own hand, expressing her regret that her absence from Berlin (her majesty is at Coblenz)

would prevent her being present at the memorable 18th of November, the day of the production of the *Africaine*.

If time had permitted, an account of Joachim's magnificent playing of the Beethoven concerto and his Hungarian concerto, last Friday night, would have been inserted in this notice.

Mdlle. Viardot is on a visit to Madame Meyerbeer, and was present at the performance of *Africaine*.—In haste, C. L. G.

IDA AND THE STORKS.

SIR,—The great musical event of last week was the production of *Ida* at the Royal English Opera. I need scarcely say that it was successful, for when was an English opera ever brought out that failed? I have heard a good many in my time; more than I can remember—many more than I should like to hear again; but I cannot call to mind one English opera that was not very much applauded the first night, in which several pieces were not encored, and at the end of which all the principal singers were not called before the curtain. No one, however, is much to blame for this. If I were capable myself of writing either a good or a bad opera I should expect my friends to applaud the chief airs, even though they were only commonplace imitations of the well-known ballads which are manufactured in such perfection by Mr. Balfe. I should also expect to be called before the curtain, and should insist upon leading Mr. Alfred Mellon upon the stage, and should (I hope) have enough good taste to point to him and to express, by such pantomime as I might happen to have at my command, that he was the true author of the work's success, and that the composer was a mere nobody—a point on which I should, nevertheless, have all the time my own private opinion. These little manifestations are *de rigueur* whenever a new opera is brought out in England, always supposing it to be the work of an Englishman, and of an Englishman resident in London, and, above all, of an Englishman moving in London society. The success, then, of Mr. Leslie's *Ida* did not take me by surprise; and as it had been got up with great care, and was most creditably executed, it was quite natural that the audience should be delighted with it. The libretto by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, is better written than the great majority of librettos; but the story has one important defect—it is unintelligible. I may state, however, without fear of contradiction, that the scene is laid in Germany, and that the piece is founded on a legend in which an important part is played by storks—a "kind of goose" which, as a remarkably clever writer in the *Telegraph* has observed, belongs less to Germany than to Holland.

The family of Hainfeld is under the especial guardianship of a family of storks, who build their nests every year on one of the towers of the Hainfeld family castle. Their protection, however, does not, at first, seem to be worth much; for, as soon as the Hainfelds are threatened with serious danger, the birds fly away. But after the occurrence of an immense number of intricately woven incidents, including the capture of the castle by storm, its loss by play, and its ruin by neglect to execute repairs, Rudolph, "Ida's secret husband," shoots a stork, on whose neck "a little mysterious medallion of lead, containing a closely-written paper" is discovered. By this paper Rudolph finds that some lost title-deeds and other papers are stowed away in a secret passage which communicates with a dungeon, in which a "half-witted" youth, called Damian, has shut up Ida, the lady to whom Rudolph stands in the relation of "secret husband." Storks, madmen, half-witted youths, crazy students, and the Chamberlain of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Donnerhausen do the most unaccountable things throughout the piece, which abounds in violence and crime of all kinds. At last Adrian, who, like most of the other personages in the opera, is mad, discovers, in a fit of insanity, some more title-deeds which were concealed by certain machinery that only a madman would have thought of moving, and which Adrian, being mad, does move. Adrian, having turned his madness to account, recovers his reason; and if it was not for an "abyss" in which the "secret husband" and his wife seem to be on the point of falling, the piece would now come to an end. Ultimately, the "abyss" is escaped, when "Adrian (to quote from the 'argument' prefixed to the libretto), 'restored to reason, and with his family possessions again in his hands, embraces his brother-in-law, and seeks forgive-

ness from his injured sister." It surely would be more natural, and also more effective, were he to embrace his sister and to apply to his injured brother-in-law for forgiveness.

The great mistake made by both librettist and composer has been to take such a story as this for the subject of an opera. I have not, it is true, told the whole of it; but it is altogether unintelligible, and if I had given the very long "argument" in the author's own words the reader would still have been unable to make anything of it. Let me now add that the songs are very much better than the story; that the music to which they are set is pleasant enough without being original; and that the execution of the music is not all that can be desired. Mdlle. Gillies, the new soprano, and Mr. Cummings, a tenor already known in the concert room, but new to the stage, are acquisitions to the theatre. Nothing could have been heartier than the manner in which these representatives of the much-tried lovers sang the music allotted to them. Mr. Patey, too, one of our very best baritones, greatly distinguished himself; Mr. Corri, though suffering severely from illness, made praiseworthy efforts to do justice to his part. That the orchestra was admirable I will not add. SHAVER SILVER.

WHEN Signor Arditi some ten days since issued the prospectus for his concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre it was gravely doubted by several respectable authorities whether half, or even a quarter, of the pieces named therein could be gone through in the course of a month. The experience of a week's performance, nevertheless, goes far to prove that Signor Arditi was not so extravagant or thoughtless in his promises as was supposed. In the six concerts reckoning from the first night, Saturday last, out of the large number of overtures mentioned in the programme, no less than twenty-two have been forthcoming; viz., four on Saturday—*Faust* (Lindpaintner), *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge* (Boieldieu), first time in London, *La Chasse du jeune Henri* (Méhul) and *Mirella* (Gounod); four on Monday—*Semiramide* (Rossini), *L'Hottellerie Portugaise* (Cherubini), first time in London, *Le Philtre* (Auber) and *Der Vampyr* (Marschner); four on Tuesday—*Oberon* (Weber), *L'Italiana in Algeri* (Rossini), *Fernand Cortez* (Spontini) and *Le Pré aux Clercs* (Hérold); three on Wednesday—*Pietro von Abano* (Spohr), first time in London, *The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage* (Mendelssohn) and *Zampa* (Herold); three on Thursday—*La Gazza Ladra* (Rossini), *Joko* (Lindpaintner), *Rosamunde* (Schubert), first time in London; and four last night—*Masaniello* (Auber), *Der Freischütz* (Weber), *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini), and *Der Vampyr* (Lindpaintner), first time in London—constituting indisputably the rarest and most interesting succession of overtures ever given at any series of miscellaneous concerts of any duration in this country. In addition to the overtures an entire symphony by one of the great masters was given on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday—Mozart's in G minor, Beethoven's "Eroica," and Haydn's No. 10, in E flat. The other parts of the programmes during the week have embraced selections from operas, solo performances on the violin by that extremely talented young lady, Mdlle. Emilia Arditi, sister to the conductor, dance pieces by Messrs. D. Godfrey and Coote, and vocal music by Mdlles. Sinico and Sarolta, Signors Stagno, and Mr. Santley. The crowds which attend Her Majesty's Theatre nightly prove that Signor Arditi has discovered a new and a sure way of appealing to the sympathies of the musical public.

Nevertheless, in the face of all this, the following censorious paragraph is unblushingly put forth in the *Athenæum* of to-day:—

Following Signor Arditi's mountainous prospectus, the programme of his concert of this day week (though good enough in his old hackneyed way) has the air of "a mouse," the only novelties being Boieldieu's Overture to *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, and the appearance of Mdlle. Emilia Arditi.

The overtures of Lindpaintner and Méhul are so rarely played that they may fairly be styled novelties. And perhaps the *Athenæum* will tell us how often Mozart's G minor Symphony has been given to a promenade audience in England. Of course the remaining five nights, of which the *Athenæum* does not condescend to speak, must, on that account, pass for nothing. Signor Arditi has a fair action, we think, for libel.

To the Editor of the "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—When promenade concerts were first invented they consisted entirely of dance music; and as, while the performance was going on, the audience were expected to "walk and talk," all music in which the rhythm was not strongly marked would clearly have been out of place. In noticing Mr. Alfred Mellon's concerts at Covent Garden we took occasion, some weeks ago, to point out the various changes and improvements that have been introduced in this very popular form of entertainment. To M. Jullien belongs the credit of having been the first to bring forward at promenade concerts the instrumental works of the great classical composers. * * * Signor Arditi is now giving a series of "promenade" concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, which are remarkable for their entire freedom from that musical charlatanism to which, in some shape or other, all his predecessors in the same line had recourse. Signor Arditi is too good a musician to have anything to do with Zouave drummers, or Turkish saxophonists, or Danish peasants, or solos on the penny trumpet, or quadrilles of the "Paul-y-Toole-y-technic" description. His programmes are made up of music of various kinds, but always of music properly so called, to the exclusion of what ought only to pass for such at music-halls. He admits one or two pieces of dance-music, but keeps them for the end of the concert, when the *bâton* is made over to Mr. Godfrey, the popular composer of the "Guards" and "Mabel" waltzes, and of a third waltz called "Hilda," which is now played at Her Majesty's Theatre every night, and of which the first "number," at least, is very tuneful. Symphonies, overtures, operatic selections, detached pieces from operas, a few original songs, and a violin solo by Mdlle. Emilia Arditi, are the chief constituent parts of each concert. These, it may be said, are the materials out of which the programmes of promenade concerts are generally composed, but at her Majesty's Theatre the operatic selections are not performed by the orchestra alone, as at other concerts of the same kind, with solos for flute, clarinet, cornet, bassoon and ophicleide. All the vocal music is entrusted to singers, of whom no less than five (Mdlle. Sinico, Mdlle. Sarolta, Mdlle. Edi, Signor Stagno and Mr. Santley) are engaged, and who, in executing some of the principal pieces from Gounod's "Mirella," really give some idea of its remarkable beauty.

These, then, are the great merits of Signor Arditi's concerts—that in them there is no place for burlesque, quadrille, or pantomime music of any kind, nor for operatic selections with solos for the principal instruments. But not only does Signor Arditi give the public legitimate music, performed in a legitimate manner, reserving for the voice what has been written for the voice, and for the orchestra what has been written for the orchestra; he also brings forward a great many instrumental works which, celebrated abroad, are to the immense majority of English amateurs all but unknown. On Saturday evening, for instance (the first night of the entertainments in question), Lindpaintner's overture to *Faust*, Boieldieu's overture to *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, and Méhul's overture to *La Chasse du Jeune Henri* were performed. Lindpaintner's overture was played many years ago, Méhul's quite recently, at the Philharmonic; but both compositions are "as good as new" to a mixed audience; while Boieldieu's charming overture had, we believe, never until Saturday been played in this country at all. On Monday four overtures were given; one—that to *Semiramide*—known to everybody, and another—that to *Le Philtre*—known to all who care for Auber's music. The remaining two were the overture to Marschner's *Vampyr*, but seldom played in England, and Cherubini's overture to *L'Hôtelier Portugaise*, which on Monday night was performed in England for the first time. On Tuesday, after *Oberon* and the *Italiana in Algeri*, came Hérold's beautiful and brilliant overture to *Le Pré Aux Clercs*, which, to the greater part of the audience, must surely have been as novel as it evidently was welcome.

We have no intention of describing Signor Arditi's programmes day by day. Enough has been said to show in what manner the concerts of Signor Arditi differ from other promenade concerts. Without making any unnecessary parade of "classical nights," he gives classical music every evening under pretence of playing overtures. We make this remark in the belief that the overture to *Oberon* and the overture to *L'Hôtelier Portugaise* deserve the grand epithet, and that the overture to *La Chasse du jeune Henri* is probably entitled to it also, if only from the fact that after an

existence of some threescore and ten years, during which it has enjoyed the respect of all musicians, it seems as fresh and vigorous as though it were even now in the first bloom of youth. A composer has one remarkable advantage over an author. If his work fails, it does not of necessity perish entire. Who ever hears of an author saving a scene from the wreck of his condemned tragedy, or a chapter from the ruins of his despised novel? But a composer, if his opera is hissed, may, and often does, preserve a song, a duet, or a concerted piece, to insert it in some new and perhaps more fortunate work; while, as for the overture, if it be really a masterpiece it will float (like that of *La Chasse du jeune Henri*) when everything else sinks.—We are, Sir, faithfully yours,

PALL MALL GAZETTE.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Another *débutante* and first appearance on any stage at the Grand Opéra—another pupil from the Conservatoire—another great success as a matter of course, taking public and journalists on trust. Poor Grand Opéra!—poor Conservatoire!—poor pupils! It is hardly to be believed that the great national theatre of (to accredit French opinion) the greatest musical nation under the sun (or moon) would constitute itself a trial-ground to test the talents of mere beginners. It is unfair to the theatre, and still more unfair to the young singer. The former is lowered from its lofty position by being converted into a school-room; the latter is made to undergo an ordeal which no private teaching can ever bring to profitable issue. If friends are carried away by their fond hopes and fonder prejudices, and if masters have no influence, surely the director of the Opéra might consult his own dignity and take into consideration the grand aim and object of the establishment, and stipulate that a *débutante* should have undergone a certain probation in some inferior theatre. How engagements are concluded at the Grand Opéra I have no idea, and can only suppose that money influences and sways—before everything else—manager, master, and scholar. In this way only can I comprehend how pupils are transferred from the studies of the Conservatoire to the boards of the Great National Theatre. Last week I told you of the first appearance on the stage of Mdlle. Rosine Bloch, a pupil of the Conservatoire, who came out at the Opéra as Azucena in the *Trovatore*. I have now to inform you of another *premier début* which took place at the same establishment, since I wrote my last, in the person of Mdlle. Mauduit, also a pupil from the Conservatoire, who made her first venture as Alice in *Robert le Diable*. There is one eminent advantage in coming out for the first time on the stage—at least in coming out before a French audience—at least in coming out before a Parisian audience—at least in coming out before an audience of the Grand Opéra. It is that no one presumes to criticise; everybody makes every sort of allowance for the peril-placed tyro; censure gives way to indulgence; the slightest sign or manifestation of a sign of excellence is hailed with admiration, and every fault is referred to timidity or inexperience. The end is that the novice becomes recognized among artists before one genuine claim has been put forth to merit, and the whole system of introduction to the public resolves itself into a veritable farce. It is the Parisian way, however, and appeals to the national vanity, and there is no more to be said about it. Mdlle. Mauduit, like Mdlle. Bloch, appears to have great means, but has yet to learn how to use them. She looked well as Alice, and now and then gave evidence of real dramatic sensibility. But generally the expression was in excess. Her voice is a true soprano, of excellent quality and sufficient power, but at present I cannot say whether the intonation is correct. I shall hear her again, and may be able to speak better of her. To judge from the unbounded enthusiasm one might have said that another Dorus Gras, if not another Falcon, had been revealed in the new *débutante*. Mdlle. Marie Battu sang the music of Isabella with much force and brilliancy, although, as you may imagine, without any special charm. M. Gueymard's Robert was undisguisedly coarse, and his attempts at attacking the high notes were utterly vain. The day of this once favourite tenor is long gone by. His voice, never of good quality, has become toneless, and his endeavours to conceal the ravages of time are made without art or finesse. The Bertram of M. Belval was barely tolerable. Mdlle. Laura Fonta sustained the part of

the Abbess with good effect. One of the Parisian journals points to the fact that this representation of *Robert le Diable* was the 474th since its first production, November the 21st, 1831.

A few days since a very interesting meeting took place at the house of Madame Adam, widow of the late Adolph Adam, to hear a new comic opera, written by the deceased composer, which had never been performed in public. The name of the opera is *Le Dernier Bal*. This work was accepted at the Opéra-Comique some short time before the death of Adolph Adam, but was not produced having been made the subject of a law suit. The music of *Le Dernier Bal* created a very lively impression on the guests assembled at Madame Adam's house, and the general feeling left was that the new opera was entirely worthy of the composer of *Le Chalet*. Whether *Le Dernier Bal* will, or will not, be brought out at the Opéra-Comique, I cannot inform you. I perceive that one of the new streets intended to lead to the Opéra is to be called after Meyerbeer. Many think that as certain places in Paris had been baptized after Rossini and Auber, there was no occasion to wait until the death of the renowned composer of the *Huguenots* before one of the great operatic thoroughfares should bear his name—as that is accounted a rare compliment by the French. A project is in contemplation to widen the street of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, on the side of the odd numbers, from the Boulevard des Capucines even to that which is intended to bear the name of Meyerbeer.

The Théâtre-Lyrique is full of preparation. We are promised *Martha* in a day or two; the rehearsals of *La Fiancée d'Abydos* are nearly completed; and directly after the first representation of this last-named work, the opera of *Nahel*—words by MM. Plouvier and Favre, music by M. Litloff—will be produced, with Mlle. Nilsson and MM. Michot and Ismael as principal singers. *Nahel*, I need hardly inform you, has already been performed at Baden-Baden. I am curious to hear an opera by M. Litloff. I should be still more curious to hear an opera by Herr Franz Liszt, who used to be one of the objects of M. Litloff's idolatry, until the celebrated stick was broke between them, and the disciple by that forcible act cut his stick and with it for ever the dazzling enchantments of the Music of the Future.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love, &c.

vide *Lalla Rookh*, not M. Félicien David's opera, but Tommy Moore's epic.

The programme of the fifth Popular Concert of Classical Music, on Sunday, was as follows:—Serenade (composed in 1776, on occasion of the marriage of the daughter of the burgo-master of Salzburg), Mozart; *Adagio* from symphony "The Ocean" (first time of performance), Antoine Rubenstein; Overture, *The Isles of Fingal*, Mendelssohn; *Adagio* from Quartet for stringed instruments, No. 34, Haydn; Symphony, in C minor, No. 5, Beethoven.

Worms has ceased to fill the office of Register-General at the Odéon.

"The Musical World," writes the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, "announces that the Abbé Liszt is about to visit London next May, for the purpose of directing the performance of a new mass which he has composed expressly for the dedication of the new church of the Carmelites at Kensington, of which church the Rev. P. Hermann, an old pupil of the celebrated pianist, is rector." If I remember rightly, no allusion was made in the *Musical World* to his reverence Father Hermann, God bless him.

Paris, Nov. 22.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD will give "Pianoforte Recitals" at Salisbury on Tuesday, at Southsea on Wednesday, and at Brighton on Thursday.

MR. COSTA's *Naaman* was given at Manchester, on Thursday night (Mr. Halle's fifth concert), under composer's own direction.

M. DUMANOIR, a well-known French dramatist, died recently.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—On Saturday last *Acis and Galatea* was repeated, with the same cast as when given some weeks since, by Miss Edmonds, Messrs. George Perren, Montem Smith and Weiss. This time Mozart's additional accompaniments were used. To-day Beethoven's Symphony, No. 7, in A, will be performed. M. Silas plays a composition of his own for pianoforte and orchestra, and Mr. Santley sings.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD AT BRIGHTON.

(From the "Brighton Gazette.")

The second recital took place last Thursday afternoon, at the Pavilion, which was crowded with a fashionable audience. The appearance of Madame Goddard elicited loud applause. Although recitals are invariably attended almost exclusively by ladies, yet there was a goodly number of gentlemen present, including several distinguished amateurs. The first piece was the *andante* of Beethoven in F major. This *andante* is distinguished for the richness of its melody, the theme being retained in the midst of the most elaborate variations. The whole requires great variety of expression, and no player could have accomplished the task better than, or so well, perhaps, as Madame Goddard, who evinced a marvellous command over her instrument, and the whole performance, even in the most impassioned and vigorous passages, was characterized by the utmost ease and grace. It was really a treat to see as well as hear her. Her next pieces were Schubert's *Impromptu* in A flat, Op. 141, and Chopin's *Etude* in A flat, No. 1, Book 2, played with such consummate skill that no praise could equal the beauty of the performance. She then played, with marvellous sweetness of expression, three "Songs without words" of Mendelssohn. The last is what is recognised in Germany as the "Frühlingslied," or "Spring Song," and it is so beautiful and so captivating—especially rendered with that sweetness and singing expression which Madame Goddard imparted to it—that a repetition was called for, and the request was gracefully acceded to amidst the applause of her admiring listeners. Madame Goddard afterwards played Weber's grand sonata in C major. Well may it be termed grand, for it is a composition abounding with the greatest difficulties for the executant. The *adagio* was played with the most graceful tenderness. The *scherzo* and the *rondo* are of a cheerful and brilliant character, but it appears that the *rondo presto* is the movement which has chiefly conferred celebrity upon this sonata. It is brilliant in the extreme, but not at all too brilliant for the powers of Mad. Goddard, who displayed the beauties of the sonata with marvellous ability, her rapidity, fingering, power of execution, and delicacy of touch being fairly incomparable. She was rewarded with a burst of applause for this unrivalled performance. Her last piece was Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," in which again she enraptured her hearers with lightness of touch and sweetness of expression. This piece in the hands of such a performer as Arabella Goddard scarcely ever escapes an encore, and of course the fair pianist was encored. She then treated her hearers to "The last Rose of Summer," which was equally well executed.

Mrs. George Dolby was the vocalist, and sang three songs, with which the company were evidently pleased.

The next and concluding recital is fixed for Nov. 30th.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Mr. G. W. Martin commenced his sixth season with a highly creditable performance of *Elijah*. His singers are getting more and more familiar with the music, and a marked improvement is the result. Much still remains to be done; but a hope is already justified that the host of fresh and capable voices under his diligent tutelage, will at no long interval of time combine as effectively in the choruses of Mendelssohn's great oratorio as in those of the *Messiah* and the *Creation*, in which they have not to contend with such richly elaborated orchestral accompaniments.

Although disappointment was caused by the inevitable absence of Mr. Santley, who was announced to sing the part of *Elijah*, there was some compensation in the unexpected success of a new tenor of more than ordinary promise. Mr. Leigh Wilson, who comes, we understand, from Bristol, and has been recently studying under Mr. Martin, possesses that most important of requisites—a fine voice. His upper tones are especially good, and of this he is evidently conscious. Upon what he may become as an artist, it would be premature to speculate; nor would it be fair to criticize him at this early stage of his career. Enough that he created a sensible impression, and was unanimously called upon to repeat "If with all your hearts ye truly seek me," and "Then shall the righteous shine forth"—the admonition and the prophecy which invest with peculiar dignity the character of Obadiah. A more frank success has rarely been won; and it must now be the earnest endeavour of Mr. Wilson to show that such spontaneous marks of sympathy as he elicited from a densely crowded audience have not

been thrown away. Meanwhile his progress will be watched with anxiety by all who interest themselves in the art of which, with due perseverance, he may fairly hope one day to be a master.

The arduous part of *Elijah* was undertaken by Mr. Renwick, who did his utmost to profit by so favourable an occasion of earning distinction. The other singers were Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Fanny Armytage (the clever pupil of Signor Schira), and Miss Palmer, who were forced to repeat, "Lift thine eyes to the mountain;" Madame Andrea, Messrs. Regaldi and Theodore Distin. Madame Rudersdorff was greatly applauded for her energetic delivery of "Hear, ye Israel," with its animated pendant, "Be not afraid;" and Miss Palmer was called upon to repeat the air, so full of religious consolation, "O rest in the Lord," but did not respond to the wish of the majority of the audience. Among the choruses that seemed to please the most, and were perhaps, on the whole, the most smoothly sung, may be named, "He watching over Israel," the effect of which was, nevertheless, comparatively marred, as usual, by the repetition of the unaccompanied trio, of which it is virtually a continuation, and the sentiment of which it is meant to carry out. Mr. Martin, who conducted, was loudly welcomed.

The next oratorio will be the *Creation* (Wednesday, the 29th), in which Mr. Santley is advertised to sing.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The second trial of new orchestral compositions for the season took place on Wednesday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms, under the direction of the conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Overture in C—C. E. Stephens, F.; Concert Stück, solo violin and orchestra—F. Carl Deichman, F.; Overture (*Lalla Rookh*)—Miss Alice Smith, L.A.

PART II.—Pastoral Symphony—C. Mandel, A.; Overture—C. A. Barry, M.A.; Pastorale—A. O'Leary, A.; Orchestral March—J. Lea Summers, A.

Mr. C. E. Stephens' overture proved a sensible and well-written work; it is ably written and pleasing, and his orchestration displays both fancy and cleverness. The same remarks will apply, even in a greater degree, to Miss Alice Smith's *Lalla Rookh* overture. Meanwhile, we are glad to record the evidences of promise she already displays, and to stimulate her future endeavors by our encouragement. Her overture to *Lalla Rookh* is a charming production and was loudly applauded. Carl Deichman's *Concert Stück*, for violin and orchestra, was done all possible justice to by the orchestra and composer on the violin, whilst we must state a *pastorale* by Mr. Arthur O'Leary was a great feature of this instrumental concert. There can be no doubt of the talent of Mr. O'Leary who, besides great facility and originality, evinces an acquaintance with the art of writing for the orchestra by no means common, and in the manner of treatment of the character of the principal ideas, showed a considerable advance on his previous orchestral essays. The themes of his *pastorale* are fresh and genuine, and as clear and lucid as if they were part of the lake of his native Killarney, and as romantic as if they issued from the ruins of Mucrass Abbey. Mr. O'Leary bids fair to be one of our best orchestral writers. The whole work was received with loud applause by the critical audience present. The overture (in A minor) of Mr. Barry, the Pastoral Symphony of Mr. Mandel (in G), and the Orchestral March by Mr. J. Lea Summers, were all well played. The trial was attended by a large number of the members and their friends. S. T. TABLE.

BRIGHTON.—M. Edouard de Paris began his annual series of instrumental performances last week. With the able assistance of Mr. H. Blagrove and M. Pague, M. Edouard de Paris played a trio by Beethoven and, with the addition of MM. Gutteridge and Goodban, a quintet by Spohr (Op. 53 in C minor) both of which were capitally executed, the latter especially. The String Quartets given were one in E by Hady and the Variation on National Anthem by Onslow. Fraulein Mehlhorn was the vocalist, who, by the bye, gave a vocal recital at the Pavilion on Monday last, when M. De Paris gave the fair Teuton his valuable assistance as accompanist, and played, as well, some pieces by Chopin with brilliancy and effect. Mr. Alfred Jackson, the organist of St. Margaret's Chapel, also gave a concert, when he was assisted by Miss Eyles, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Broadbridge, Mr. Jordan and the Brighton Choral Union, under the conductorship of Mr. Spencer. Mr. Jackson was obliged to repeat Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," which he played capitally.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This great and long-established society selected Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* (*Lobgesang*) and Mozart's *Requiem* for the opening performance on Friday night week, when Exeter-Hall was thronged in every part. As is customary on these interesting occasions, the greatest excitement prevailed, and as one by one the solo singers took their places they were received with applause. Mr. Sims Reeves, who has been for some time seriously indisposed, was vociferously greeted; and it need hardly be added that the appearance of Mr. Costa in the orchestra was hailed from all sides, the "nearly 700" singers and players joining in the welcome to their popular conductor.

It would require considerable ingenuity to find anything to say that has not been said over and over again about works so well known, and happily by this time so universally esteemed, as the magnificent *sinfonie-cantate* of Mendelssohn and the immortal *Requiem* Mass of Mozart. Their juxtaposition was a fortunate idea on the part of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Neither is long enough to fill up an evening—at least in accordance with the prevalent English notions of the quantity of music a concert programme should properly comprise; while the two together occupy much about the same time that would be taken up by the performance of an oratorio such as the *Messiah*, *Creation*, or *Elijah*. The execution of the *Lobgesang* advances yearly in precision and accuracy. The choral parts, like those of *St. Paul*, are more complex and difficult than the choral parts of *Elijah*, which last was composed when Mendelssohn could write for voices in harmony with a clearness, ease, and fluency not excelled by Handel or Mozart. As a whole we may pronounce the performance of the *Lobgesang* on Friday week the best that has been heard in England. In the introduction to the final chorus ("Ye nations offer to the Lord glory and might") alone could any marked want of precision, any slight wavering of intonation, be detected; but these were amply condoned by the unanimity with which the splendid sequel, "O give thanks," was delivered from beginning to end. The opening chorus, "All men, all things that have life and breath," so solemn and imposing; "All ye that cried unto the Lord," with which the theme of the preceding air, "He counteth all your sorrows," is ingeniously interwoven—a piece of choral writing unsurpassed in pathetic expression; "The night is departing"—triumphant response to the anxious inquiries of the earth-bound spirit yearning for the light that is to come; and last not least the noble Lutheran *corale*, "Glory and praise to God," given out in full vocal harmony, and then, until the concluding bar, in sonorous unison, elaborately accompanied—treated, indeed, much as John Sebastian Bach might have treated it, only with an instrumentation setting forth Bach's devices in the glowing colour that belongs to modern art;—these were all that could be wished, leaving a deeper impression perhaps than on any former occasion. The three orchestral movements, with which, like Beethoven's Choral Symphony, the work begins, were gloriously played. In short, the orchestra (leader, M. Sainton) distinguished itself throughout the performance, not only by the grandeur and precision of the "ensembles," but by the delicacy with which isolated "solo" parts were given—as two remarkable examples of which may be cited the *cadenza* for clarinet (Mr. Lazarus) connecting the first movement with the *allegretto un poco agitato* (which none but Mendelssohn could have written), and the passage for horn (Mr. C. Harper) that ushers in the duet (with chorus), "I waited for the Lord."

The solo singers in the *Hymn of Praise* were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mrs. Sidney Smith, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The clear, bright voice and artistic style of Madame Sherrington were conspicuous in the lovely soprano air (with chorus), "Praise thou the Lord with spirit," and again in "The night is departing,"—the brief solo which leads up with such magical effect to the grand chorus upon the same words. About this chorus, and what directly precedes it, Mendelssohn, in a letter to his brother, Paul, says—with his accustomed charming modesty when speaking of anything he has himself produced—"At all events, I think that the recitative" (the sorrows of death, &c.) "and the middle portion" (chorus and *corale*) "of my *Lobgesang* are more fervent and spirited than anything I have yet written." (Leipsic, February 13, 1841). In the duet "I have waited for the Lord," Madame Sherrington was somewhat timidly, though by no means inefficiently, seconded by Mrs. Sidney Smith. Although Mr. Sims Reeves is still only convalescent, which obliged him to limit his efforts to the *Hymn of Praise* and consign his part in the *Requiem* to Mr. Wilbye Cooper, he has never given the plaintive air "He counteth all your sorrows" with more earnestness, or the picturesque and enthralling episode, "The sorrows of death" (Watchman, will the night soon pass?), with more poetic feeling. In the first the frequently-occurring passage "He comforts the bereaved" was reiterated each time with an expression that seemed more and more persuasive: the last—a little drama of itself—was instinct with meaning and characteristic expression.

The *Requiem*, after so exhausting a piece as the other, neither was, nor was expected to be, so uniformly well given: Nevertheless, it was

on the whole, a very excellent performance. The solo singers—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Weiss—were especially good; and thus the three quartets—the truly Orphean "Recordare Jesu pie" more particularly, though neither the "Tuba mirum" nor the "Benedictus" were open to unfavorable criticism—produced their accustomed effect. We cannot, however, but think that, in spite of all arguments to the contrary, the order of the two works should be reversed. Surely a hymn of praise is better calculated to follow than precede a mass, or service, for the dead.

A second performance of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Mozart's *Requiem* will be given at Exeter-hall, on Tuesday, November 28.

The first oratorio is, we understand, to be Handel's *Israel in Egypt*.

[LEEDS ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.]

(From our own Correspondent.)

A series of five superior performances was projected and given in Leeds last season, managed by a body of local gentlemen, with the object of promoting a taste for the highest class of music. An entire symphony by one of the great masters formed a prominent feature of each programme, and was the means of bringing together all the best available local talent, aided by clever artists from London, Liverpool, and Manchester. The Concerts pleased amazingly, and an increasing attendance at each showed that the Leedsers were gradually awaking to the advantages of good music well performed. All this was only accomplished however at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice to the Committee, and also to the indefatigable conductor, Dr. Spark, (who, nevertheless, we believe, guaranteed the expenses of the last two concerts). It was, however, cheerfully met from a conviction that this season would bring its reward in larger attendances and greater receipts. With this view a second series was announced, but just at the moment of expected success, the Leeds Choral Union—a society established for the practice only of vocal music, having quarrelled with their conductor (not Dr. Spark)—announced a series of orchestral concerts, and invite the talented German, Herr Hallé, to conduct; alleging as their reason that they wished thereby to stop some supposed differences amongst the leading local musicians! Now this is really too bad, and we can scarcely credit that the Leeds people generally will support a scheme so diametrically opposed to the interest of their own accomplished musicians, and exhibiting such bad citizenship. I am glad to find, however, that the Orchestral Concerts are fairly started, and that the first performance is fixed for Wednesday, December 13, when we trust that the Leeds people will support the men who spent so much in their service last year. I have only to add that in the selection of Dr. Spark by the Committee, as conductor, they have put the right man in the right place.

MADAME MEDORI, who, it may be remembered, appeared as Lucrezia Borgia at the Royal Italian Opera in 1853, has quitted the stage.

A HINT FOR ARTHUR CHAPPELL.—The celebrated quartet players, MM. Maurin, Chevillard, Mas, and Sabatier are about to proceed on a *tournee* through the principal cities of Germany. It is said, on the other hand, that the Brothers Muller, the most eminent quartet players in Germany, are about to leave Fatherland and proceed on a professional tour through Holland, Belgium, and France. Might not either "four" claim consideration from the alert and enterprising director of the Monday Popular Concerts?

LEICESTER.—(From a correspondent).—The first performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* drew together on Wednesday evening one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the spacious New Music Hall of this town. The local press speaks in the highest terms of the performance, the chief honors being borne off by the chorus of the New Philharmonic Society, though the solo singing of Miss De Courcy, Miss A. M. Clowes, Messrs. Atkins and Briggs is also mentioned as being very creditably done. Mr. Nicholson conducted.

PRAGUE.—Mr. J. Ulin, a talented musician and editor of the *Gazette Musicale Bohême*, died here on the 28th of October.

DRESDEN.—Mdlle. Lichtmay terminated her engagement at the Theatre Royal in the character of Donna Anna in *Don Juan*, which was considered one of her best performances. The committee of the last festival has just rendered an amount of the expenses. The result is that the city of Dresden will have to make good a deficit of 62,000 thalers (232,500 francs).

Muttoniana.

Dr. Head has received a communication from Mr. Punch, stipulating that it contains a request to insert in *Muttoniana* Nos. 130 and 134 of his, Mr. Punch's, *Table Talk*. Dr. Head has much pleasure in accommodating his sharp-nosed, lean-shanked, brittle-witted contemporary.

No. 130.

The *Africaness* will not take operative rank with the grand old Jew's grand works, for the simple reason that the Book is the worst he ever had to deal with, almost the worst ever given to any great composer. His genius is vindicated by the splendid effects he has managed to get out of such a wretched story, but the opera will be heard as a duty rather than a delight. It is, however, a duty to hear it, and I am glad to see Covent Garden Theatre crowded before my friend Melo assumes the rod he wields so well.

No. 134.

There is nothing in music itself that necessarily renders its votaries such fools as you describe the majority to be. Some of the best minds have been fond of music. Milton was. I am. But a very commonplace person may be a very good musician, and if such a person becomes absorbed in one pursuit, and never reads, talks, or thinks on any other subject—the fool is the product.

Dr. Head cannot swallow the whole of No. 130 without a grimace, stipulating that the *Africaness* has already taken "rank with the grand old Jew's grand works," that he (Head) has experienced much worse books, and that it is "a delight" as well as "a duty" to hear the music. In other respects Dr. Head can swallow the whole of No. 130.

Touching No. 134 Dr. Head would ask, who are "YOU?"—stipulating that "a very common-place person" cannot be "a very good musician," and that there are a great number of fools who are not musicians.

FROM MR. PUNCH.

Mr. Punch presents compliments to Dr. Head. Mr. Punch's paragonic humorist, Horace Mayhew, has made a pun upon a Kirk organ, which both Horace Mayhew and Mr. Punch would greatly like to see reproduced in *Muttoniana*.

Office, 85, Fleet Street, Nov. 25.

Mayhew live for ever Horace: Dr. Head cheerfully reproduces pun:—

KIRKORGANS.

Church music is beginning to find favor in the Scottish Kirk. In Glasgow organs have been lately introduced into four of the established Churches. Perhaps there are still a few of the disciples of John Knox in whose eyes organs are obnoxious. There are, however, other instruments that even they might be induced to tolerate. They will still perhaps object to the organ that it is "a kist fu' o' whistles," but they cannot possibly make that objection to the bagpipe.

Had Mr. Mayhew (mayhe live for ever!) spelt organ, orgin, and been, bin (as might have fallen out), there would, Dr. Head gathers, be no fewer than 14 occurrences of the literal combination, IN, in the foregoing—stipulating that it is difficult to know why Mr. Punch should proffer it "gaily" (Agag-like) as a pun. Bun—or of rigor, bunbun—were nearer the mark. Youmay put that in your pipe and smoke mayhew.

THEATRICAL "OYATIONS."

SIR,—Your theatrical critic, in his notice of Mr. Leslie's new grand opera of *Ida*; or, *the Guardian Storks*, says truly that its success on the first night of performance was very great. But I think he ought to have stated who it were that encored the pieces so tremendously and irresistibly; who called the author on after every act. Why, Sir, it were we enthusiastic admirers of the English opera, who can really appreciate a good straight-forward song—the occupants of the gallery. Let justice be done. The people in the boxes and dress-circle were absolutely indifferent to all the charms of the beautiful ballads sung so sweetly by Mdlle. Gillless and Mr. Cumming. We were not indifferent—we did applaud them, and to some tune. I confess some of us did think poor Mr. Leslie looked a little frightened when he appeared for the third time. But he came forward and acknowledged our delicate appreciation of his talent with great courtesy. And then we had Mr. Mellon out of the orchestra, and all the singers in a row! Even then, Sir—and I state it with a glow of delight—I believe there was kindly feeling enough remaining amongst us to have applauded every man in the orchestra one at a time; and the chorus, and the scene-shifters—in brief, every person, from the composer downwards, who took part in the delightful opera of *Ida*; or *the Guardian Storks*. I hope you will

insert this letter, because otherwise your readers will suppose that the languid loungers in the stalls and boxes had anything to do with our oration.—Yours obediently,
A MAN IN THE GALLERY.

To Dr. Job Head—Nov. 22.

Dr. Head is glad; stipulating that "A Man in the Gallery" must be confounding *Muttoniana* with the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Nevertheless, Miss Ida Gillies *did* sing at a concert given at Her Majesty's Theatre in the month of June, 1862, by reason that Dr. Head remembers an observation vouchsafed by his uncle Sir Flamborough, who letted a box on the occasion. "Job"—said Sir Flamborough—"this young lady should go to Paris." This was the observation vouchsafed by Sir Flamborough on the occasion under memory, for which Dr. Head can vouch by reason that the King of Cambodia was in the box and shook his assent.

A QUERY FROM LORD LONG.

DR. HEAD.—SIR,—Will your memory serve to retrace for me the source of the subjoined passage:—



—and if so will you bear in mind the proverb *ait bis qui cito ait*? You will thereby oblige, yours obediently,
CASTLE STRAIGHT.—Rightangles.—Nov. 22.

Dr. Head's memory serves to retrace the passage to its source, stipulating that the passage occurs in the *presto* of Boieldieu's overture to *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*, to which he (Head) had the gratification of listening at Arditi's first concert last Saturday (or, as Horace Mayhew would say—last Saturday at Arditi's first concert). In that same *presto* the passage stands forward as second theme. Why does not Arditi revive the overture to *Ma Tante Aurore*? It was a special favorite with Sir Flamborough Head, who was accustomed to whistle parts of it between his pipe and grog. It was also a favorite with Dr. Roots, Sir Flamborough's home-physician. "Roots"—he would say—"isn't that good?"—and straightway whistle a bit. Sir Flamborough's grand-aunt Head was present during the first performance of *Ma Tante Aurore*, at Paris in 1802. Boieldieu was twice married. Among his pupils was M. Fétis the bibliograph. John Ella of the "Record" may, therefore, be regarded as his *petit-élève* or grand-pupil. But this athwart the argument.

Meanwhile, Dr. Yellow, Editor-in-chief of the journal entitled *Fun* has transmitted to Dr. Head a brace of what he (Yellow) terms (facetiously) "*facetiae*," of which Dr. Head (sparingly), at the urgent request of Dr. Yellow, inserts only one:—

THEREBY HANGS A TAILOR.

If it takes nine tailors to make a man, how many Tom Taylors does it take to make a dam?

Dr. Head doesn't know, stipulating that if he did he wouldn't say. If Dr. Yellow had said a *damn*, Dr. Head would have answered, glibly—ONE.

THE OLD OAK CHAIR.

DEAR HEAD.—The appointment of Mr. Herbert S. Oakeley to the musical chair at the University of Edinburgh has excited some surprise among musicians who do not exactly know who Mr. Herbert S. Oakeley is. Among the candidates for the professorship were Messrs. Hullah, Duggan, Hatton, and Macfarren, of whom something is known. In selecting Mr. Herbert S. Oakeley the court declared that they "could not record their decision without stating that they had had at once the

advantage and the difficulty of being called upon to make their selection from a list most distinguished for the amount of genius, knowledge, experience, power of performance, and general reputation which it combined." I should like the court to go a step further, and explain on what principle they made their choice. "Genius, knowledge, experience, power of performance, and general reputation" are strange things to be "comprised" in a "list;" but it is a fact that some of the candidates for the vacant appointment were men of great distinction, and that the candidate to whom the appointment has been given was absolutely unknown. He may, for aught I know to the contrary, possess "genius," "knowledge," and "power of performance;" but he certainly has no "general reputation." The proper man for the chair, if he he really desired to fill it, was Mr. Macfarren. Mr. Macfarren is a successful operatic composer; he has had great experience as a professor of harmony; and his popular work on harmony is the best of the kind that has been published in England. Many of his best musical criticisms have appeared, unsigned, in the *Musical World*; but his prefaces and his annotated editions of important musical works are probably known to the well-informed members of the Edinburgh University court. Considered as a composer, a professor, and a writer on musical subjects, Mr. Macfarren had no competitor to fear—except, of course, Mr. Herbert S. Oakeley, who, in the opinion of the said court, is his superior.—I am, dear Head, your's faithfully,
PONTIFEX FOURCRES.

Castle Bare, Whittleby, Nov. 22.

Dr. Head has perused the testimonials of Mr. Oakeley, stipulating that those from Dr. Wesley and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, "Husband of Jenny Lind," are worth the serious attention of Mr. Fourcres.

HARD UPON HARD.

Mr. Drinkwater Hard received the following polite communication headed—

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA COVENT GARDEN.

"MY DEAR SIR,—As it has happened unfortunately upon the first night of the production of a new work that some of the representatives of the press have been unable to obtain suitable accommodation, I now write to say that to prevent such an occurrence it will give me great pleasure in forwarding you Reserved Seats if you will previously intimate to me your wish to be present on such an occasion.—I remain, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,
EDWARD MURRAY.

As Mr. D. H. has usually the command (more or less) of several private boxes, he did not feel it necessary to avail himself of Mr. E. M.'s courteous invitation, but was present (en-boxed) at the debut of Mdlle. Ida Gillies, in *Masaniello*, and also attended the first representation of Henry Leslie's 'Ida.' The performance of Auber's masterpiece Mr. D. H. considered to be about the most generally equal, or level, (*les deux de disent*) that he has for some time witnessed. Nevertheless, Mr. D. H. cannot agree with an obscure contemporary in characterising the Fenella of Mdlle. Dachateau as 'conventional' and 'inexpressive.' After the new opera, *Ida*, Mr. D. H. met his old friend Mr. Joab Gas (of Cheltenham), and upon asking him what he, J. G., thought of the opera, J. G. replied that he liked it—for, said he, "I am always pleased to meet old friends." What Mr. J. G. meant by this Mr. D. H. is at a loss to explain. Perhaps Mr. Owain Ap'Mutton, or any of the learned doctors who hebdomadally shed so much lustre on the columns of the *Musical World* can throw some light on this mysterious reply of Mr. Joab Gas (of Cheltenham). Mr. Drinkwater Hard quite agrees with an obscure contemporary in condemning the "no re-admission" edict at Her Majesty's Theatre, and fancies that an arrangement with the refreshment contractors might have something to do with this. Mr. D. H. always goes to 'Stone's,' in Panton St. for his 'entr'acte' refreshment (when in the Haymarket), and to 'Noakes's' (when in Bow Street), and is occasionally to be heard afterwards at the Perfidious Albion."

Dr. Head will diligently void all aforesaid haunts, preferring Mr. Hard's distance to Mr. Hard's propinquity. *Nonne vides?*

SIR,—Ilma, or Ida, de Murska, the well-known *prima donna*, has taken "French leave" of Vienna. The capricious dame suddenly took it into her head that the climate of Vienna is not good for her voice, and she therefore left for Venice without beat of drum. After her departure a medical certificate that change of air was necessary for Mademoiselle von Murska was placed in the hands of the director of the opera.—Yours respectfully,
AARON BONE.

To Dr. Head.

Dr. Head is in a position to contradict Mr. Bone, stipulating that Mdlle. de Murska is at present with Mr. Ap'Mutton on the brow of one of the Carpathian hills.

Fish and Volume, Nov. 24.

Job Head.

WORCESTER.—A general meeting of the members of the Festival Choral Society has been held at the Guildhall, to receive the report of the committee, and to appoint officers. The Rev. W. Rayson was unanimously requested to act as honorary secretary; Mr. F. Eaton was elected secretary; Mr. Locke, librarian; Mr. E. Taylor, (assistant organist of the Cathedral) one of the organists, and Mr. Grainger, treasurer. The report was read and adopted, and the treasurer's statement of the financial position of the society was considered satisfactory. A good working committee was elected, comprising some of the oldest members of the society, who take a great interest in its welfare, and it is hoped will infuse new life into and advance the success of the society. The rehearsals have been commenced, and the first concert of the season will be given as soon as the improvements in the Music Hall are completed. The Rev. R. Cattley presided.—On Sunday, sermons in aid of the salary of the organist of All Saints' Church, (Mr. Jabez Jones), were preached. That in the morning was delivered by the rector, the Rev. B. Arthure. In alluding to the way in which the musical portion of the service was conducted, he expressed himself well satisfied. Solely by the exertions of the organist, the choir (a voluntary one) had been brought together and trained by him. It is only due to the organist, and to the ladies and gentlemen forming the choir, to add that the music and the singing were alike most excellent.

DEAL.—The concerts given annually by Mr. Harrison are invariably of a high class character, but the one at the New Assembly Rooms, on Thursday (November 9th) was superior to any of its predecessors. The pianoforte playing of Mr. Bollen Harrison was remarkable for its ease, soundness of tone, and neat execution. His Fantasia on the "Blue Bells of Scotland" was greatly applauded. The Grand Duo for two pianofortes was played with good effect by Miss M. F. Martin and Mr. W. B. Harrison. Mr. Aptommas, as a harpist, is unrivalled. His Grand Duo for harp and piano was all that could be desired. Madame Newton sang the air "Qui la Voce" with brilliancy and effect. Miss Annie Cox gave Hadyn's Canzonets—"My Mother bids me bind my hair" and "She never told her love," with taste and expression; and the ballad "Within a mile o' Edinbro" which was loudly encored. Mr. Frank Elmore has a very pleasing voice and style, and was much applauded. The Trio from *Martha* for piano, violin, and harmonium, was capitally played. The concert was well attended.

HERR ERNST.—The remains of the late celebrated violinist, Henri Ernst, which had been temporarily deposited at the Cemetery du Chateau, have now been laid in their last resting-place. No doubt his numerous friends and admirers will unite to place a memorial stone on the grave of this eminent artist.—*Journal de Nice.*

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

TURNER & Co.—"Jackson's Gymnastics for the fingers and wrist."
SHEPHERD.—"Autumn leaves," Romance for Piano, by George Raggett.
COCKS & Co.—"Souvenir de Paris," by E. C. A. Chepnell.

Advertisements.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE,

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat,

HAS maintained its high character for a quarter of a century; and the flattering testimonials received from Grisi, Persiani Lablache; and many of the Clergy and Statesmen, fully establish its great virtues. No Vocalist or public speaker should be without it. To be obtained of all Wholesale and Retail Chemists in the United Kingdom.

THIRD EDITION.

THE VOICE & SINGING

BY
ADOLFO FERRARI.

The great success of Signor ADOLFO FERRARI's celebrated method for The FORMATION and CULTIVATION of the VOICE for SINGING, has necessitated a THIRD EDITION (Revised and Augmented), which is published THIS DAY.

price 12s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co. 244, Regent-street. W.

Now Ready.

THE FIRE BRIGADE GALOP, FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Dedicated to CAPTAIN HODGES. Splendidly Illustrated.

COMPOSED BY EMILE BERGER.

Price 5s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MEYERBEER'S AFRICAINNE

As Performed at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden,
is published by CHAPPELL & CO.

The following Songs, Duets, and Piano-forte Arrangements are
Now Ready:

THE OPERA COMPLETE (with English, Italian, or French Words), Voice and
Piano-forte. Each 21s.

FAREWELL, CALM RIVER. Sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. 2s. 6d.

SLUMBER SONG—HUSH'D ON THIS LAP. Sung by Miss Louisa Pyne. 2s. 6d.

EVER MY QUEEN. Sung by Mr. Alberto Laurence. 2s. 6d.

BRIGHT ANGEL FROM HEAVEN. Duet. Sung by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Charles Adams. 3s.

ON FOAMING WAVES. The Legend of Adamastor. Sung by Mr. Alberto Laurence. 3s.

FAIR PARADISE FROM OCEAN RISING. Sung by Mr. Charles Adams. 2s. 6d.

WHAT FULL TIDE OF JOY UNFEIGNED. Duet. Sung by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Charles Adams. 3s.

MID FRAGRANT BOWERS. Sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. 2s. 6d.

WITH RAPID KEEL. Trio for Three Trebles. 3s.

FAREWELL, MY ONLY LOVE! Sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. 2s. 6d.

THOU BY ALL NATIONS ADOR'D. Song. Adapted from the celebrated Chorus of Priests. 2s. 6d.

ON PURPLE MISTS OF MORN. Sung by Miss Louisa Pyne. 2s. 6d.

THE OVERTURE. Solo, 3s. Duet, 4s.

GRAND INDIAN MARCH. 4s.

RELIGIOUS MARCH. 3s.

CRAMER, H. BOUQUET DE MELODIES. 5s.

COOTE, C. QUADRILLE. Solo or Duet, 4s.

GODFREY, D. WALTZ. Solo or Duet, 4s.

CALLCOTT, W. H. FAVOURITE AIRS. In 3 Books, each 5s.; or Duets, each 6s.

CALLCOTT, W. H. MORCEAU A L'UNISON. For Piano, Harmonium, or Organ, 1s.

FORBES, GEORGE. FANTAISIE. 3s.

KUHE. BEAUTIES OF THE "AFRICAINNE." Nos. 1 and 2. Each 4s.

FAVARGER, RENE. GRAND FANTASIE. 4s.

OSBORNE, G. A. GRAND DUET. 6s.

OURY, MADAME. GRAND FANTASIE. 5s.

RICHARDS, BRINLEY. MARCH INDIENNE. 3s.

RICHARDS, BRINLEY. MELODIE SYMPHONIQUE (the celebrated Unison passage). Nightly encored. 3s.

TALEXY, A. POLKA MAZURKA. 4s.

RIMBAULT. GEMS OF L'AFRICAINNE. Each 2s.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| No. 1. Scene of the Upas Tree. | No. 5. The Slumber Song. |
| 2. Figlia del Rè. | 6. O Paradiso in terra. |
| 3. Chorus of Priests. | 7. Addio rive del Tago. |
| 4. The Grand Duet. | 8. Adamastor rè dell'onde. |

ENGEL. FANTASIE FOR HARMONIUM. 3s.

ENGEL. DUET FOR HARMONIUM AND PIANOFORTE. 4s.

MORI, N. FANTASIE FOR VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE. 4s.

A NEW WORK FOR THE ORGAN.

THE

ORGANIST'S PORTFOLIO:

A selection of opening and concluding voluntaries, by the most celebrated composers, ancient and modern. Adapted chiefly for the use of amateurs, by Dr. RIMBAULT. Each number contains from seven to eleven favourite voluntaries, and one arranged expressly with Pedal Obligato. Nos. 1 to 12 are now ready, each 3s.; or in 2 vols. bound in cloth, each 12s.—A thematic list of contents may be had on application to

CHAPPELL AND CO.,
50, NEW BOND STREET, W.

DRAWING-ROOM PIANOFORTE MUSIC BY GEORGE FORBES,

The most Popular Living Composer of Musique de Salon.

The "CHOIR" of November 1st remarks:—

"Among the writers of popular Pianoforte Music—elegant trifles for the drawing-room—Mr. GEORGE FORBES hold a conspicuous place, and deservedly so, for his pieces are always telling, well constructed for the hand, and brimful of interest and musical feeling. He has the faculty of adorning his melodies, whether original or otherwise, with multitudinous glimpses of the musician's art. His variations invariably have the melody running through them in the most masterly fashion, and his mere passages are elegant in the extreme. We predict a large amount of popularity for all Mr. FORBES's pieces."

CARNIVAL DE FLORENCE. IMPROMPTU BRILLANTE.
—As pretty and brilliant as "Caprera," and likely to become as popular.—
Price 3s. Just ready.

THE 104TH PSALM (HANOVER). Transcribed for the
Pianoforte. Price 3s. Just ready.

FANTAISIE MARZIALE. Price Three Shillings.—
"A capital march-like melody, with an artist's treatment of its modulation, and a brilliant finale."—Choir.

ROSAMUNDA NOCTURNE. Price Three Shillings.—
"A charming nocturne in A flat, the melody graceful and pleasing."—Choir.

LA GIOJOSO. GALOP BRILLANTE.
—A capital galop, so well displayed for the hand, that a tyro might play it at first sight."

CAPRERA, CHANSON NAPOLITAINE. Tenth
Edition. The most popular of Mr. FORBES's Pieces, and the greatest success since "A Maiden's Prayer." Price 3s.

CASTELLUCIA, CHANSON NAPOLITAINE. COM-
PANION to "CAPRERA." Third Edition.—"Mr. FORBES has furnished piano-
forte players with another new composition, which is a worthy companion piece to
'La Caprera,' and will certainly obtain an equal degree of popularity. The melody
is rich and beautiful, and the variations are ingenious and masterly. 'Castellucia'
is a theme that fixes itself at once on the memory, and will be carried away with
delight from thousand of pianofortes, where fair fingers and good taste are engaged
in its performance."—*News of the World*.

"Of a bolder character; the melody, a charming one, being well sustained
throughout."—Choir.

JENNY JONES—Transcription of the famous Welsh
Song. Price 3s.

RAPPELLE TOI. ROMANCE. Third Edition. As short
as "Ecoutez moi," as pretty as "Perles et Diamans," and as easy as "A
Maiden's Prayer."

A STRING OF PEARLS. VALSE BRILLANTE.
—A lovely Valse, being full of animated grace."—Choir.

FANTAISIE ON MEYERBEER'S 'L'AFRICAIN.'
Price 3s.

FANTAISIE ON GOUNOD'S 'MIRELLA.' Price 3s.

FANTAISIE ON HATTON'S 'LOVE'S RANSOM.'
Price 3s.

LA POLONAISE. Price Three Shillings.—
"A charming piece."—Choir.

MARYLAND. March on the celebrated American Song.
Price 3s.—"Maryland" is a capital march, founded on the simple but lovely
melody adopted by the Confederates as the tune of their war song, 'Maryland, my
Maryland.' The arrangement is most judicious and interesting."—*Englishwoman's
Domestic Magazine*.

"The celebrated war song, 'My Maryland,' has been amplified into an excellent
pianoforte piece with much appropriateness, all the movements continuing the sub-
ject under different brilliant phases."—*News of the World*.

LONDON:

BOOSEY & CO., 28, HOLLES STREET,

And all Musicellers in Town and Country

METZLER & CO.'S LIST OF NEW AND POPULAR PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

ASCHER.

SOUVENIR THEATRICAL s. d.
4 0

CH. FONTAINE.

BLUE-BELL. Mazurka de Salon 3 0

MAY-DAY. Valse Brillante 3 0

SWING SONG. 3rd Edition 3 0

STEPHEN GLOVER.

A MOUNTAIN MELODY 3 0

MORNING RAYS 3 0

THE NUN'S DREAM 3

Beautifully Illustrated in Colors.

KUHE.

LA PIQUANTE. Valse Brillante 3 0

LARA. Transcription 4 0

SILVER MOONLIGHT. Transcription 3 0

MADAME OURY.

DANISH AIRS 3 0

SPANISH AIRS 4 0

WELSH MELODIES 4 0

NATIONAL AIRS OF ENGLAND 4 0

LARA. Fantasia 4 0

MASANIELLO. Grand Fantasia 5 0

G. A. OSBORNE.

LARA. Fantasia 3 0

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

FOREST FLOWERS 3 0

BONNIE BESSIE LEE. Transcription 3 0

CASTLES IN THE AIR. do. 3 0

ARAB SONG do. 3 0

LIST'NING MOTHER do. 3 0

EDOUARD DE PARIS.

AZALIA. Marche Brillant 3 0

THALBERG.

LUCREZIA BORGIA 4 0

AUF FLÜGELN DES GESANGES 3 0

FERDINAND CORTES 3 0

METZLER & CO.,

35, 36, 37, & 38, Great Marlborough Street,
LONDON, W.,

AND

55, King's Road, Brighton.

JUST PUBLISHED,

AN

EXTRA- VAGANZA

FOR

THE PIANOFORTE,

BY

KUHE.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

LONDON:

ASHDOWN & PARRY,
18, HANOVER SQUARE.

HUTCHINGS & ROMER'S LIST OF New and Popular DANCE MUSIC

QUADRILLES.

		SOLO.	DUET.
		S. D.	S. D.
THE PLOUGHBOY (Just ready)	C. GODFREY	4 0	4 0
KING OF DIAMONDS.	C. JOHNSON	4 0	5 0
LONDON SEASON	C. GODFREY	4 0	4 0
ROYAL STUART	W. H. CALLCOTT	4 0	4 0
LITTLE BO-PEEP	ROSENMULLER	2 0	
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD	"	2 0	
SHAMROCK	J. WASS	4 0	

LANCERS.

THE IRRESISTIBLE	D. GODFREY	4 0	5 0
THE ORIGINAL		3 0	

WALTZES.

THE ATHOLE (Just ready)	C. GODFREY	4 0	
DAWN OF LOVE	"	4 0	5 0
LONDON SEASON	"	4 0	4 0
QUEEN OF MAY	C. H. MARRIOTT	4 0	

POLKAS.

THE DOT	C. BLOE	3 0	
THE FROST	MINNIE.	3 0	
THE PUNCH POLKA	COOTE	3 0	

GALOPS.

SPARKLING MOSELLE	C. GODFREY	4 0	
LONDON SEASON	"	4 0	
PURITAN'S DAUGHTER	C. COOTE	4 0	
WILD GIRL	R. F. HARVEY	3 0	

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER,
9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.